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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE TRIED TO CREMATE HIM.

AFTER SHOOTING DR. E. C. HARLAN FOR BETRAYING HER, HATTIE WOOLSTEEN SETS FIRE TO HIS BODY IN A BARN NEAR LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.

The fighting colors of Jake Kilrain, matched to fight Jem Smith, of England, for the International championship, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and \$10,000, will shortly be ready. Sporting men, saloon-keepers and others, who desire to purchase the champion's colors, can obtain them by forwarding \$5.00 to the "Police Gazette" office. On account of their great artistic value only a limited number have been prepared. Orders should be sent in immediately.

A VICTORY FOR COMMON SENSE IN IOWA.

By this time everybody knows and understands who wants to be honest and means to be square, that the POLICE GAZETTE is the people's illustrated weekly. It represents nothing but lawful news, and its pictures are not only accurate and artistic but morally irreproachable.

In the city of Des Moines, Iowa, reside two fellows whose actions are a public scandal and a disgrace to American civilization. One of them is named Potts, and the other Pierce, and it is safe to say of them that the record of Titus Oates or of Jonathan Wild is fragrant reading compared with their careers as spies, sneaks and informers. These two men, for example, while "operating" in behalf of Prohibition, have committed outrages on sick and defenceless women and children which, if perpetrated on Americans outside of the United States, would have spurred our government to declare war. The worst and most infamous acts of British tyranny in Ireland are deeds of gentleness compared with the atrocious performances of these two abhorred and detestable Iowans.

Some time ago Potts, acting in concert with a little petty Jeffrey, Johnson by name, who scandalizes law by acting as a justice, scared and intimidated a newsdealer named Mose Jacobs into surrendering his entire stock of POLICE GAZETTES. At the same time one W. G. Higley, a newsdealer doing business in the Kirkwood, Des Moines, was not only arrested for selling the POLICE GAZETTE, but his home was searched without warrant or authority in a manner which would have legally justified him in shooting the invaders like the dogs that they are.

In spite, however, of the concealed Pharisaical malignity of Titus Oates Potts and his "pal," Johnson, the Grand Jury, before whom Higley's case was sent, including such typical Americans as Foreman Daniel Gerberich, T. W. Havens, E. S. Sayre, James Crabtree, A. G. Nye, Peter Ringgenberg and Ellis F. Randolph, threw out the charge and indignantly ordered Mr. Higley's release. To those honest and courageous gentlemen, for it requires a rare courage to oppose malice and hypocrisy disguised in the garb of religion and morality, every liberty-loving American in Iowa ought to raise his hat.

But Titus Oates Potts and Jonathan Wild Pierce were not abashed by their crushing defeat at the hands of the grand jury. Other men would have either transferred their sneaking energies elsewhere or else stolen in the middle of a dark night to some neighboring duck pond, and by a commendable act of suicide relieved the State of Iowa of the odium of harboring them. Instead, these two lineal descendants of Judas Iscariot went out of town to Capitol Park, a suburb of Des Moines, and obtaining a search warrant (to which they had no earthly right), raided the premises of a barber named Reeler and seized his solitary copy of the POLICE GAZETTE!

To such a depth has the Pharisaism of Des Moines descended!

Now what we want to say is this—and we mean every word of what we say—unless the action of the grand jury in the Higley case is sustained and the "operations" of Titus Oates Potts and Jonathan Wild Pierce promptly suppressed, we will take pains to employ the same doctrine of law, so-called, against the daily papers of Iowa as they allow to be used against the POLICE GAZETTE. It makes a good deal of difference whose ox is gored, and we guarantee to put the daily press of Iowa on our side by making a pretty effective demonstration of the fact that they are just as much at the mercy of creatures like Potts and Pierce as we are.

This is what sporting men call "a straight tip," and our Iowa friends can bet their money on it.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

THE INDIFFERENCE of transportation companies to the convenience of the public is indicated in the experience of two young ladies, members of the "Adonia" company recently on the road. Miss Leila Cavanagh and her companion were passengers on a through train from Buffalo to Philadelphia to go over the Erie and Philadelphia and Reading railroads. When nearing Jamestown, N. Y., the conductor came to them with directions that they must change cars at that point for the balance of their journey. They left the cars in a pouring rain, and just as the train drew out the station agent rushed up hurriedly saying there was a mistake, they should have remained where they were. Of course it was too late to do anything but wait for twelve hours for another train, being put to an expense without for the natural requirements of the day. The ladies were indignant and inconvenienced, and felt as though some redress should be given. When they finally reached Homersville they encountered the superintendent, Henry S. Billings, of the Mills Building, to whom they poured forth their grievances, and who told them he had already heard the particulars by mail and the conductor was to blame. "But what are you going to do?" asked Miss Cavanagh. "I will give you a berth on the sleeper to-night," he replied. "What about our loss? we were to play to-night, what about our expenses to-day?" "Oh, we can't do anything about that." "Do you live in Philadelphia?" was his next query. "I do not; I go there to play," Miss Cavanagh answered. "Oh, then it will save you to-night's board," the superintendent said. "It is outrageous," she continued. "Well, there's no use talking." Mr. Billings spitefully observed, "It's like a drowned man, if he's drowned he's drowned, and there is no help for it." "Then you should put on your tickets that any one is liable to drowning on your road," rejoined Miss Cavanagh. This is all the satisfaction they could obtain.

FANNY RICE, of the Carleton company, is a Boston girl, and after the manner of the girls of the hub of "culchaw," she affects quill pens and large penmanship. The other evening a gentleman connected with the local press sent an autograph album back on the stage with a request for the autograph of Miss Rice.

She was playing "Nanon" at the time, and in her artless manner said that she would be happy to write her name, but she couldn't do so without a quill pen, and she couldn't possibly go to her hotel and get one. Then it occurred to her to send to the property man and ask for a quill. That functionary thought the lady was jesting, and he obligingly said he would bring her a dozen. He was as good as his word, for he brought her the big, white, live goose which is used in "Nanon." "Props" is a handy man himself, but his eyes fairly stuck out when Miss Rice coolly plucked a feather from the tail of the goose, and then with a knife deftly made her pen, and a moment later her name graced a snowy page in the album.

HE IS A PATRON OF THE DRAMA, is the United States Marshal at Louisville. In a practical way and unmixed with any self-seeking, as became a modest man, this official the other day furnished a triumphant example of the esteem in which he holds the theatre. By the operation of law the gentleman was made custodian of the liberty of certain Kentuckians. True bills had been found against them, and though the proof was overwhelming the nature of the alleged offense appealed with irresistible pathos to the right feeling of the community. The prisoners were in custody for making moonshine whisky. They had been arrested away up in the mountains, and there they were, in the city of "Bourbon Belle" and Mary Anderson, pining in confinement, guarded by many hirelings, out off from the society of friends, and all the while wanting to go to the theatre. Artless children of the wild solitude! They loved the drama. For years, and remote from the haunts of man, they conducted a manufacturing business. They were producers—hard toiling men in an industry that is native to Kentucky soil. Small wonder then that the large-hearted official should provide them with some relaxation. The exciting "Ranch King" was to be seen at a play-house, so the captive moonshiners were escorted to the performance. But the marshal didn't stop at that. He took the moonshiners' friends to the theatre and all the witnesses, too, and in the party there were exactly 400 men. The marshal paid for it all out of his own pocket, and all over Kentucky his fame rings as a gentleman, a scholar and a good judge—of the drama.

I HAD A DELIGHTFUL EVENING OF IT at Wallack's theatre the other night. I had taken my seat comfortably prepared to enjoy "Mr. Grundy's Mouse Trap"—at least prepared to try and do so—when a rather flashy, large-sized woman pulled down the seat in front of me, and then taking an air cushion from under her arm, she blew it out—apparently with some difficulty—screwed it up and sat down. Presently, after the curtain went up and everything was quiet in the house, I became conscious of a very shrill whistle. Not loud enough to disturb the house, but quite loud enough to mar my enjoyment. This went on for some time when suddenly my fat friend in front reached down, whisked the cushion from under her and began to refill it with air. This accomplished, she put it back in its place. And the peculiar shrill little whistle began again. It was all explained to my mind, the screw of the cushion was not air tight. I stood it all through the first act—during which period this performance was repeated several times—with as much patience as possible. As soon as the curtain went down I leaned forward and addressed myself to the old lady, politely, and begged her to be satisfied with the seat and to discard the cushion. "It's no use speaking to madam, sir," whispered a pert, bright little face sitting beside her. "She is quite deaf. She cannot hear the noise that cushion makes, and I dare not take it from her." I took my hat and requested the amiable gentleman in the box office to change my seat. The old lady I noticed sat through the performance quite unconscious of the consternation her musical accompaniment was making among her immediate neighbors.

MRS. LANGTRY'S RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS might be taken for illustrations of an article on gymnastic exercises for young women. There would seem to be an effort on the part of her management to perpetuate her death scene so that posterity may know what the public doted

on in the year 1887. One photograph represents the Lily lying flat on her back on the floor with her heels slightly elevated on the edge of the sofa. Her muscular hands have torn her dress open at the neck, and her famous head is twisted about in the fashion that would cause Sorakichi to feel a pang of keen and Oriental envy. But there is a girl in Mr. Daly's company, in New York, that is pushing Mrs. Langtry rather hard in an acrobatic way. Her name is Shannon, and she is slender and strong. At one point of the play she stands with her back to the audience and suddenly raises herself in the air and rolls over backward on a huge table, and lies there talking to her father as flat and prostrate as the bottom wheat cake on a cold plate on a chilly December day.

WHAT IS THE SHOW BUSINESS coming to? The latest addition is Binns, the ex-hangman, who is "doing the British provinces," and reveals his art for the entertainment of crowds who collect to see him perform the final trick. The subject is a wax figure. The showman first gives a biographical sketch of Binns, and then the curtain is run up, revealing a scaffold with the regular cross beam, and the subject standing on the drop, strapped hands and feet. A surprised chaplain stands on one hand, and a uniformed jail governor on the other; while the reporters watch the grim proceedings. Binns, black bag in hand, steps forward, arranges the rope, places the noose round the subject's neck, and when the feeling of the spectators has been wrought to an intense pitch, draws the bolt, and the wax figure disappears into the pit beneath. Then Mr. Binns holds a levee, during which the band plays, "Hark! I hear an angel sing."

CLARA MORRIS excessive and presumably unnecessary stage waits continue to be a source of justifiable complaint with her audiences. On Monday night at the Grand Opera House the curtain remained down twenty-five minutes between Acts two and three and twenty minutes between Acts three and four. These delays are an annoyance to the public, which is beginning to believe that there is no end of them. An actress who was with Miss Morris last season tells me that the aggravating waits between the acts in her performances are solely due to the whimsical moods of the star. If the trouble lies, as has been managerially given forth for years past, in the direction of physical ailment, Miss Morris has my sympathy, as well as her spectators. If she is not strong enough to perform her duties as other actresses are expected to do, it would be far wiser for her to retire. She has sufficient means to leave the stage comfortably.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT HAPPENED TO Mr. Osmund Tearle on the stage of Wallack's recently. It was a matter of dressing, or I should rather say, undressing, which set the audience to tittering without the actor having the remotest idea of what it was all about. The mistake was, of course, rectified as soon as he got off the stage from his "scene." Precisely the same thing happened to W. H. Crane on the second night of the "Henrietta" at the Union Square, and what added to the mortification of the actor was that he had to remain in view of the audience for half an hour. When Crane heard of Tearle's misfortune, he wrote him a note accusing him of stealing some of his original business, and requesting that, as a matter of professional courtesy, Tearle should not do it again. There is no danger.

MR. ABBEY HAS AN UNDERSTUDY for every part in "The Mouse Trap," and it is a part of the duty of the ladies and gentlemen thus engaged to report every evening at the stage door of Wallack's theatre and sign a book. The system is an excellent one, because if carried out to the letter—and I understand it is—it becomes almost an impossibility for an audience to be disappointed. Mr. J. W. Pigott, who happens to be engaged at Wallack's theatre, although out of the bill, is one of those who have to sign the book as understudy for Charles Groves. That done, he rushes off to his cozy little room at the Lotus Club and works on one of his plays. I believe he does a good deal of this sort of work, and does it well, although none of his plays have yet been produced.

AN AMUSING ACCIDENT occurred to Evans and Hoey of "A Parlor Match" company, while they were leaving St. Louis for Louisville last week. They had gone to the Ohio and Mississippi railroad depot, but became so busily engaged in talking to an acquaintance that the train pulled out and left them.

They both looked at each other smiled and then started at a dead run down the track. Just as they reached the bridge which spans the river running out from East St. Louis they met a hand-car. This was their only salvation, and running up to the boss Evans said: "Look here, old fellow, we be left by that train which just pulled out of here, and will give you \$50 if you catch it for us." There was no time for a parley, and before the hand-car man knew what he was doing the two comedians had sprung on the platform and were working at the "pumps." When they were about half way across the bridge the watchman attempted to arrest them, but it was no use. Desperate deeds need desperate remedies, and with a sweep of his fist Evans knocked the fellow down, and a second later they were flying over the track. Twenty-five miles out the train had stopped to water, and just before it started the hand-car, with Evans and Hoey working for dear life and yelling like two Indians on the warpath came around the bend. One minute later and they would have been left for good. As they climbed upon the platform, pale as the ghost of a defunct combination, and panting like two lizards in the summer time, Evans pulled out a \$50 bill and threw it to the trainman.

IN HIS NEW PLAY, "Moubar," R. B. Mantell is not always that splendid specimen of masculine beauty he has made so familiar to American audiences. In fact, it is only in the first act that he is the elegant gentleman of the handsome countenance and stunning attire. Afterward the prettiness is laid aside and Mantell is seen as a rough-featured man in whom the evidences of mental suffering are depicted. In the latter make-up Mantell will be a novelty to the public, but the ladies will find it difficult to forgive him for subordinating his good looks to the demands of dramatic art. Still, so imposing is Mantell in stature and mein, that he is fully as striking in one phase of "Moubar" as the other. It is one thing to be the "pretty" actor of the genre "mascher" and quite another to be a genuine dramatic artist who succeeds by dint of sheer histrionic talent.

OUR PICTURES.

Night-soil in the Reservoir.

Lewis Evans, a Pottstown, Pa., scavenger, has been arrested for dumping ordure in the city reservoir. We illustrate the scene.

They Did the Job Themselves.

The ladies of Terre Haute, feeling indignant over the condition of the village cemetery, assembled the other day, and, arming themselves with axes, sickles and similar weapons, repaired thither and commenced cutting out the thistles and weeds that had been left to ripen there. The sexton felt so scandalized that he agreed to finish the job if they would leave.

Fired a Pistol into his Wife's Mouth.

A special from Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 19, says: A man named McAllister, an accident insurance agent, went into his wife's room at the Green hotel, in Dayton, last night, and opening her mouth discharged a pistol into it, the bullet penetrating the roof of her mouth and lodging near the left eye. The woman was in a delicate condition, which had exasperated her husband, who bears a most unsavory reputation. McAllister was arrested and jailed, and there is talk of lynching him. The murderer said that it was his purpose to kill his two children and then himself, but he was taken before he could accomplish this. The woman cannot live.

Impaled on an Iron Target.

A special from Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 17, says: Ernest Tendleman, a Bee Line employee, while standing on a platform loading coal on a locomotive tender yesterday, slipped and fell, striking a switch target, which was driven through his body. There was a knob on the end of the target which had to be filed off before he was extricated. It took thirty-five minutes to remove the knob and the accumulated rust before he could be lifted off the target, and during the entire time of this horrible impalement the man withstood the excruciating torture. The target was about an inch and a half in diameter. He was removed to the hospital, and notwithstanding his horrible injuries the physicians express a hope of saving the unfortunate man's life.

Sharp Detective Work.

A special from Chicago, October 15, says: Ah Gung, a self-entrapped Chinese murderer, was in the cage at the United States Marshal's office here this afternoon from Rock Island. United States District Attorney Ewing was notified by the Department of Justice that a Chinese murderer was on his way West, probably via Rock Island. The police there were notified just in time and laid hands upon Ah Gung in the depot. A detective was put in the cell with him, and in an off-hand way boasted of several murders, when the Chinaman, who was only under suspicion, told vauntingly how he too, had gone too the house of a white woman with whom he consorted and asked her for money. When she refused he picked up a heavy miner's candle and stabbed her several times with the prong, inflicting fatal wounds. The crime was committed in Alta less than a week ago.

An Insane Woman's Fury.

A special from St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 15, says: There was brought before the County Court to-day a woman about 40 years of age, who has already served two terms in an asylum and who yesterday attempted to drown herself, and, failing in this, tried to kill her 13-year-old son. The woman's name is Celia Benson, and she resides in Maryville, Nodaway county. She has four children living in this city, the oldest of whom is a boy about 15 years of age. The children live on the banks of the river near the railroad bridge.

Yesterday Mrs. Benson came from Maryville, and, going directly to the hut, threw herself into the river. She was rescued by some men and taken to the hut and locked in a room. An hour or two later she called her son William, one of a pair of twins 13 years old, to her, and knocking out a pane of glass from the window, told him to shake hands. The boy consented, and, grabbing him tightly around the wrist, she wrenched his arm, trying to pull him into the window, and declaring she would kill him. The boy's cries for help brought the other children to his assistance, and he was liberated. The woman was sent back to Maryville to-day. She has only been out of the asylum a few months.

THE LUCK OF SOME MEN AND HOW THEY ACCEPT IT.

In the grand monthly drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery October 11, two-tenths of the capital prize of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were sold in this city, the remaining fractions in New York and Chicago.

Mr. Laurent Faget, a well-known broker doing business at 181 Common street, was the first comer at the lottery office Wednesday morning, and, on behalf of a friend, presented for redemption one-tenth of ticket 13,646, entitled to fifteen thousand dollars.

Having received a bank check for that amount Mr. Faget bowed his acknowledgment, signed a certificate and departed.

Scarcely had he withdrawn when in stepped two gentlemen, Mr. Victor Tujague and a friend. Tujague had drawn a prize and he desired to claim it in person. His ticket, 58,490, represented two-tenths of the third capital prize of twenty thousand dollars, and was entitled to four thousand dollars.

Mr. Tujague is a handsome young fellow, native of New Orleans, apparently twenty-one years of age, and with his father keeps a saloon at 213 Decatur street. He bought his ticket from a peddler in his neighborhood, and is thoroughly convinced that fortune is kind in the distribution of favors.

He received a check for four thousand dollars on the New Orleans National Bank like a little man, smiled, and wanted everybody to smile with him, and signed for the biggest sum of money he ever received for his individual account, for although his father has usually joined in his lottery ventures, on this particular occasion the old gentleman "guessed he wouldn't go in," for which unrighteousness guess the o. g. is doubtless investigating his horoscope with a view of obliterating from the firmament his zodiacal sign.

Victor expects to add "a son" to the sign which swings over the door of the house of spiritual refreshments, 213 Decatur street, and to invest in such choice properties as he may consider bargains. He will not loan money at usurious or even doubtful interest.

The other one-tenth of the one hundred and fifty thousand dollar prize was drawn yesterday by the Union National Bank for account of a depositor.—New Orleans Picayune, Oct. 15.



THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



"Clara King," the Girl Burglar.

We present this week another chapter of the history of Charles Kelly, alias George Harris, the burglar arrested with a gang of men at Princeton, Ind., who turned out to be a woman. That published two weeks ago was given by a woman, who then said her name was Clara King, and that her home was nowhere, proves to be a string of falsehoods, which she afterward claimed was related for the purpose of shielding her relatives. Had she given her true name her sisters, who are respectable and well-to-do, would have heard of her whereabouts, and this she wanted to avoid until she was taken to the reform school. Notwithstanding this precaution, her relations discovered the plight she was in, and one of her sisters wrote to Sheriff McGary, informing him who the so-called Clara King was. It transpires that her true name is Anna Azbel, and the sister who wrote to the sheriff was Mrs. Kitchell, of Vincennes. Another sister and a brother also live in that city. In Washington she also has a sister. When Anna first donned the male attire she was living with her sister and brother-in-law at Washington. One day when the folks were all away from home she appropriated a suit of her brother-in-law's clothing and started out on the turf. When she was arrested she was dressed in men's clothes, and she was put in jail along with the other four of the gang, the fact that she was a female not being suspected. Shortly after her incarceration she told the sheriff she was afraid of some of the fellows. She claimed she was not of age, and said she wanted to go to the reform school instead of the State Prison, and for this the others threatened her until she became afraid to be with them.

AN ELOPING COUPLE CAUGHT.

A New London Girl Found by Her Brother in Company With Her Lover.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from New Haven, Conn., October 18, says: Miss Florence Taylor, aged eighteen years, is a charming young lady, whose parents live in New London, her father being engaged in the bookbinding business. Florence is a blonde, with a pair of blue eyes and a complexion as white as marble. She is highly educated, and mingled in the best society. Some time last summer George R. Noble arrived at New London, and registered at the Crocker House. He was engaged to put up machinery in a factory there, and being of an affable disposition and having lots of money, he soon introduced himself into the best of New London society. He was not long in forming the acquaintance of Miss Taylor, and soon gained her affections. They met frequently but never at the home of the young lady. Some two months ago Noble left New London for Derby, to put in some heavy machinery for the Derby paper mills. The lovers corresponded frequently, and as a result an appointment was made. A week ago last Monday the girl met Noble in Derby, and they left for New York, where they put up at one of the hotels as man and wife. The next evening they took the five o'clock train from the Grand Central Depot for Birmingham, and registered at the Bassett House under assumed names, but occupied different apartments, and stopped there only two days and nights. On Friday last he took her to the Dayton House in Ansonia, and there they were registered as man and wife. The proprietor asked him if she was his wife, and he replied "Yes." The name he placed on the register was J. R. Noble and wife.

Yesterday morning a detective, accompanied by a brother of the girl, put in an appearance in Derby. The detective went over to the Wilkinson factory, where he found Noble, and accused him of inducing Miss Taylor to leave her home. He could hardly reply, but braced up sufficiently to request that all the parties should meet in the Bassett House at half-past 11. This request was granted, but at that hour he still further wished to put off the interview until 3 o'clock. For a second time his request was granted. The hour of 3 arrived, but Noble was not to be found. A carriage was hired, and the detective and Miss Taylor's brother drove to Ansonia. On arriving there they went to the Dayton House, where the detective learned that Noble was in a room off the front hall with Miss Taylor. The detective listened awhile, and heard Noble tell her to lock the door after he went out, and not to let anybody in until he came back. It was thought it was about time to act, as the fellow was undoubtedly preparing to fly. The brother of the girl sent in his name to the room by a servant, demanding to see Noble at once in the hotel office, but he refused to come. Mr. Taylor sent in his name for the second time, with the message that he had better come down to avoid trouble. This had the desired effect, and he came down into the office, followed by the girl. When he saw Mr. Taylor he attempted to escape, but the brother of the girl drew a pistol, and Noble dodged behind Miss Taylor, keeping her in front of him until

the detective took the pistol from Taylor. Then Taylor and Noble clinched, but Taylor was thrown to the floor. The detective then caught Noble by the body and held him until the arrival of Chief Ellis, when he was arrested on a charge of seduction and taken to the lockup. He is about thirty-five years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, and sports a handsome auburn moustache. He is said to be a cousin of Ferdinand Ward.

BENT TO KILL.

A Thousand Citizens Form a Band of Vigilantes in West Virginia.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Charleston, W. Va., Oct. 18 says: Since the murder of the Rev. Thomas P. Ryan near Spencer, Roane county, on last Thursday, it has been learned that an organized band of regulators of over 1,000 citizens, farmers and others of Jackson, Roane, Kanawha, Clay and Gilmer counties, has existed for over six months. The organization was formed for the purpose of self-protection against the bands of robbers and murderers who have run riot in certain localities of Jackson, Roane and Kanawha counties, in which stores have been robbed and inoffensive people made to suffer.

It was about eleven o'clock on Thursday night when the door of the Rev. Mr. Ryan's mountain home was crushed in after a shot had been fired through the front door. Ryan immediately sprang from his bed, grabbed his shot gun, cocking both barrels, exclaimed: "What is wanted?" The reply was from an inner door: "Old man, we want your money and mean to have it." A second shot was fired, and Ryan exclaimed: "Mother," speaking to his wife, "I am killed. I am shot through the bowels." Thereupon one barrel of his shot gun was discharged, taking effect in the side of the room. The discharge is supposed to have been caused by his fall. This caused a halt, and the wife and son took Ryan to an up stairs room, after which the murderers, five in number, ransacked the lower part of the house, getting nothing, and overlooking some money near at hand.

Strong circumstantial evidence pointed to Charles Coon, George Duff, Jr., Robert M. Duff, and Perry Drake, for whom warrants were issued. Drake was quietly arrested at his home. Constable Gibbons and a posse of about sixty went to the residence of George Duff, Sr., in Kaintuck, where George Duff, Jr., and Coon were quartered. They had prepared for an assault as they were expecting trouble. Coon saw the posse moving upon the house and coolly notified two women present to leave as there was going to be a show. Upon the approach of the officers Coon warned them away, and immediately opened fire with a pistol.

The fire was returned by the officers, and for a few minutes bullets flew thick and fast from each party. The outlaws took refuge in an up-stairs room, where Duff was brought down by a shot from a rifle. The officers then surrounded the house and were about to set it on fire when old man Duff, a respectable farmer, prevailed upon Coon to surrender, which he did, as his ammunition was about exhausted. Robert M. Duff was arrested the same day at his home near that of his father, being surprised by the officers.

On Saturday noon the prisoners were taken to the scene of their crime, Ryan's residence, and a justice set yesterday for their preliminary trial. Meanwhile George Duff, Jr., died at home on Sunday night. The rest of the prisoners were kept under guard until Sunday night, when about 300 masked men took Coon from the officers and with a rope around his neck hurried him to a convenient tree. On his way he prayed and made a confession, which is to be received with doubt. The substance is, that he was guilty of participating in the murder; that Bob and George Duff, Jr., were along, and that George Duff fired the fatal shot from Coon's revolver. Some say he implicated Drake. Others say he did not speak of him. Whatever the confession was he was immediately hanged, dying game.

After the hanging of Coon the regulators went after Bob Duff, and hurriedly took him toward the scene of Coon's execution. It is both alleged and denied that he confessed. Shots were fired at the mob either by guards or friends of Duff. The mob scattered instantly. In the early morning on Thursday the body of Bob Duff was found in the public road with his throat cut entirely across and frightful stabs in his chest almost in sight of the body of Coon which was still hanging to the tree. Neither was touched until late on Sunday evening, when a coroner's jury assembled and adjourned without discovering anything. Coon, who had no friends near, was buried by a farmer. Relations of Duff took charge of his remains and buried them near his home yesterday.

Drake was spared, and yesterday he was taken to the Ryan residence for examination. A large crowd of armed men were present determined upon lynching him. He waived examination, and was ordered to the jail in Charleston for safekeeping. After much trouble and danger he reached here to-night under the guard of Capt. Burnett, of the Eureka Detective Agency, and a strong posse. No warrants have been issued for Dan Cunningham, who, it is alleged, was one of the gang of murderers. As the investigation of the affair progresses interesting results are certain. Officers are after others who are said to be members of the outlaw's band. Coon came from Tyler, Texas, and called himself Jesse James.

When Bob Duff was shot one of the vigilants went to his body and cut his throat, saying: "This is in remembrance of the young lady school teacher you killed for her money." A lady school teacher was killed for her money in the upper part of Roane county some months ago, and a warrant was out for Bob Duff, charging him with the crime.

THOUGHT HER A SPIRIT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 14 says: Mme. Carlotta, the female balloonist, had a successful ride in the air and a sensational landing among a party of colored cotton pickers in the backwoods of De Kalb county yesterday evening. Mme. Carlotta had a sensational experience. She was dressed in circus costume, with wings from her shoulders. She says: "I landed in a cotton field and had no trouble except to get the surrounding crowd of darkies to hold the balloon or help in any way. They were afraid of being carried off. One of them said: 'Be you the lady dat rode in-dat chariot? shuah? I thought it was a star.' Another one, an aged woman, with black, glossy skin and a crown of cotton-colored wool, was terribly affrighted, and began praying and screaming. She thought the world had come to an end."

"BILLY" INNES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Billy Innes, who is known as the backer of oarsmen, both American and English, all over the world. Innes has arranged many

important rowing races for Harlan in England, and has acted in the capacity of final stakeholder in many important matches. He will manage the international race between George Bubeare and John Teemer, who are to row for the championship of England in January on the Thames or Tyne.

SHE TRIED TO CREMATE HIM.

After Shooting Dr. E. C. Harlan for Betraying her, Hattie Woolsteen Sets Fire to his Body.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from San Francisco, October 17, says: The excitement in Los Angeles, caused by the discovery that the box of charred and blackened flesh and bones found in the ruins of a burned barn was all that remained of the dashing Dr. E. C. Harlan, is steadily increasing. Among sporting men in this city the excitement growing out of the gay doctor's horrible end is very great, for he was known to almost all of the card gamblers and men about town here and throughout the State.

Some years ago Harlan gave careful attention to the demands of his profession, and, as he was a dentist of much more than the average skill, he enjoyed for a considerable period a large income from his extensive business. His remaining were found at Compton on October 7, in a box made of untrimmed boards. As the police were of the opinion that a murderer had been committed an earnest effort was made to discover the murderer and the causes which led to the killing of Harlan, who was known as an off-handed, genial fellow.

It was asserted that he brought with him to Compton a young girl of handsome figure and attractive manners, named Hattie Woolsteen. Several of his friends informed the police that he was married, and it was at that time which would lead to the detection of the murderer, quarreled, and that the latter could give some information assumed that Harlan and Miss Woolsteen had. At the post mortem examination evidences of gunshot wounds were found on the cranium of the corpse, and on the right breast a patch of discolored skin about five inches in diameter was found. There was a cut on the left breast about six inches long, and the body bore marks of several bruises. While the post mortem examination was pending the police learned that the team which Harlan had used in his trips to Compton on the night he was last seen was returned at four o'clock the following morning to the livery stable at which it had been hired.

There the police ascertained that Hattie Woolsteen and her sister, Minnie, had been out riding with two unknown men on the night that Harlan is alleged to have been murdered, and that they came home about three o'clock in the morning.

Hattie Woolsteen was arrested, charged with being an accomplice to the murder of Dr. Harlan, although she denied all knowledge of the circumstances connected with it. She had been in custody but a few days, however, when she took a large dose of chloroform with suicidal intent after having made a confession to the Chief of Police.

In this confession Miss Woolsteen says that she and Harlan had a serious quarrel upon the day preceding the murder, because he then told her he was married, and therefore he could do nothing to right the wrong he had done her. She declared that she drew from a concealed pocket in her dress a small revolver, and, pointing it to where he was sitting in the buggy, pulled the trigger.

As she was almost overcome by her angry passion, however, she did not notice where the bullet struck. She then drove to a barn in a deserted spot near Compton, and dragging the body of Harlan to a heap of straw and hay, she ignited the barn in the hope of obliterating the evidences of her crime. The girl is said to have been in custody for four days before this alleged confession was obtained from her, and no one was permitted to see her.

A writ of habeas corpus was sued out by reporters who wanted to interview her, and the foregoing alleged confession is not accepted as true by many people. The Chief of Police, in answer to numerous questions, says that Miss Woolsteen has made contradictory confessions.

She asserts that when Harlan told her that he was married she cried out in horror and that he was so overcome by her grief that he drew a revolver from his pocket, put it to his head and fired, killing himself instantly. She then buried the body as related in her other confession.

There is considerable sympathy shown for Miss Woolsteen in Los Angeles, as it is thought that she attempted suicide because of the shameful disclosures which will be made of her relations with Harlan.

DANCING TURKEYS.

Device of a Cruel but Ingenious Barkeeper to Attract Attention.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In a saloon on Frankfort avenue, below Norris street, Philadelphia, the other day, a reporter saw two turkeys dancing to the strains of an organette. It was a strange sight to see the ungainly birds bobbing up and down, first on one foot, then on the other, then up with both feet, circling and wheeling around each other, chasing and changing sides, keeping perfect time with an organette turned by the hand of the barkeeper.

All the onlookers were mystified, while the barkeeper grinned and raked in the nickels which were paid over the bar by the amused crowd. The reporter, after the crowd went out, investigated the dancing turkeys and discovered the method by which they were taught—or rather compelled—to move. He found that the plan was ingenious, though cruel. They were made to dance by means of fire. Underneath the sheet iron cage floor there was a shelf set, leaving a space of about three inches, into which was fitted an iron slide. When the man wanted the turkeys to dance he would quietly get a shovel of live coals from the kitchen stove, distribute them over the iron slide and slip it into place under the sheet iron cage floor, and in five minutes the turkey fandango would be in full blast. First one foot would be raised, then the other, and soon, the pace quickening as the heat increased, until the birds would be going as fast as they could lift their feet, and they would keep it up until the floor would cool off again.

"They know what's coming now as soon as I begin to fool with the slide," said the barkeeper, "and they begin to dance without waiting for the floor to be heated. It's a good card for the place while it lasts, but I guess the novelty will soon wear off. I'm getting tired of it myself already."

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

On another page we publish excellent portraits of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cora Brown Potter.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Joseph Borgo.

Every tourist who knocks about gay Paris is quite sure to recognize the genial face that heads this column as that of the courteous Joseph Borgo, the manager of the famous Cafe de Paris, who formerly conducted the Grand Hotel Vatel, Versailles; Hotel Continental, and Cafe Monaco, London; and for several seasons some of the principal seaside resorts in England, France and Italy.

Gus Brown.

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of this well-known pugilist and wrestler.

John McPherson.

On another page will be found a portrait of John McPherson, born of Scotch parents at Chatham, P. E. I., who is champion shot-putter of the world.

George Ayen.

In this issue we publish a portrait of George Ayen, the well-known sportsman of Providence, and his hunting dogs, Richard K. Fox and Flirt. Mr. Ayen is well known in sporting circles.

Rawson-Lec Shooting.

In a previous issue we have given details and illustrations of the sensational shooting of Stephen W. Rawson, the Chicago millionaire, by his step-son, Ralph W. Lec, last week. In this number, on one of our illustrated pages, will be found portraits of the desperate young man and his step-father, whose death is expected at any moment.

J. A. Stewart.

J. A. Stewart is the drug clerk of Wichita, Kan., who pleaded guilty to selling 208 glasses of beer, and was sentenced by the District Court of Sedgwick county to pay \$20,000 and go to jail for seventeen years and four months. The court simply obeyed the mandates of the Murray law, in delivering sentence. The plea of guilty was made with a view on the part of Stewart's attorney, to show the absurdity of the law, being confident that a pardon could be procured for the defendant. Young Stewart woke up after the sentence and found himself famous.

Charles Havermyer.

One of the most daring and accomplished forgers in the country, Charles Landers, escaped from the Stillwater (Minn.) prison last week, where he was serving a 24-years' sentence.

Landers had almost as many names as there are letters in the alphabet, but his real one is believed to be Charles Havermyer. The particular "lay" he was engaged upon in victimizing jewelry firms, and he had succeeded in securing many thousands of dollars before he was finally detected. He is known in the Southern country, especially New Orleans, for his clever crookedness.

James H. Jacobs.

Jacobs has just been found guilty of the killing of Elmer E. Quigley at Lancaster, Pa., where the trial caused a great deal of excitement. The circumstances of the crime may be recited briefly. On the night of the 11th of December, 1886, Jacobs stabbed Elmer E. Quigley in the stomach with a butcher knife. The affair occurred near Jacobs' home. Quigley came along the railroad just outside of the back yard fence and remonstrated with Jacobs for abusing his children, who were crying. After some words Jacobs went into the house, got the knife, came out and plunged it into his victim. Quigley died the next day.

"Blinkey" Morgan.

Blinkey Morgan's trial for the murder of Detective Hurligan is the sensation of the week at Ravenna, O., where the crime occurred. "Blinkey" has one of the strangest records in the country. He appears in court each day attired in a black suit and spotless linen. He is always cleanly shaven, and has more the appearance of a college professor than a burglar and murderer. He reads human nature at a glance, and was wont to tell his attorneys to challenge jurors who did not please him before a question was asked. While in court the prisoner is guarded by two deputy sheriffs and a guard of six deputies escort him to and from the jail. Every precaution is being taken to prevent an attempt at escape.

FIGHTING MARINES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we illustrate a recent riot among the marines at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, during which one of the rioters had his head split open by a sword cut inflicted by the sergeant of the guard.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by JOHN WOOD, "Art Photographer," 208 Bowery, New York.]

THE AMERICAN DAISY.

MRS. CORA URQUHART POTTER, NEW YORK'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE MODERN STAGE.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by FALK, Broadway, New York.]

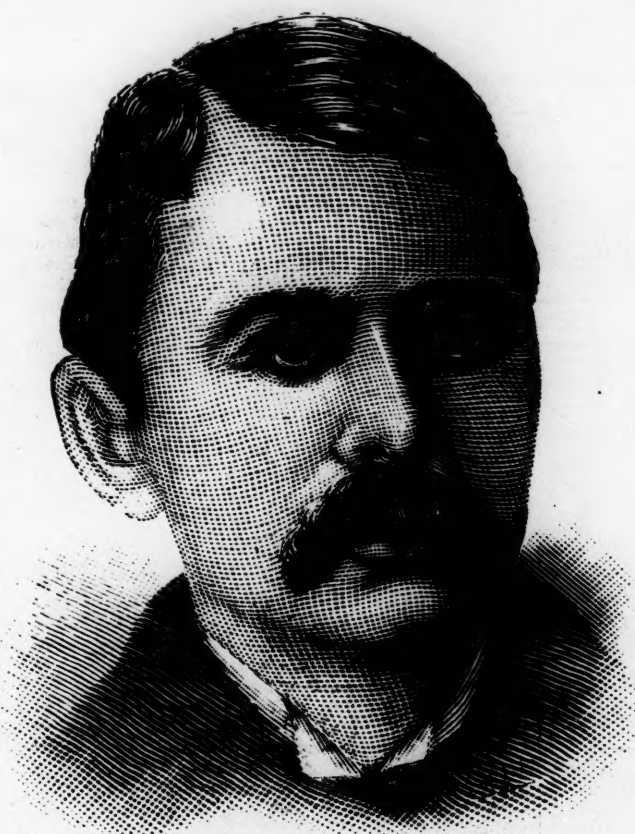
THE ENGLISH LILY.

MRS. CHARLOTTE EMELIE LANGTRY, BRITAIN'S BOASTED BEAUTY.



THEY DID THE JOB THEMSELVES.

THE LADIES OF TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, SHOW THEIR INDIGNATION OVER THE STATE OF THE CEMETERY BY CLEANING IT UP.



CHARLES HAVERMYER,

THE DARING AND ACCOMPLISHED FORGER WHO HAS JUST ESCAPED FROM THE STILLWATER, MINNESOTA, PRISON.



STEPHEN W. RAWSON,

THE CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE WHO WAS SHOT DOWN BY HIS STEP-SON RALPH LEE.



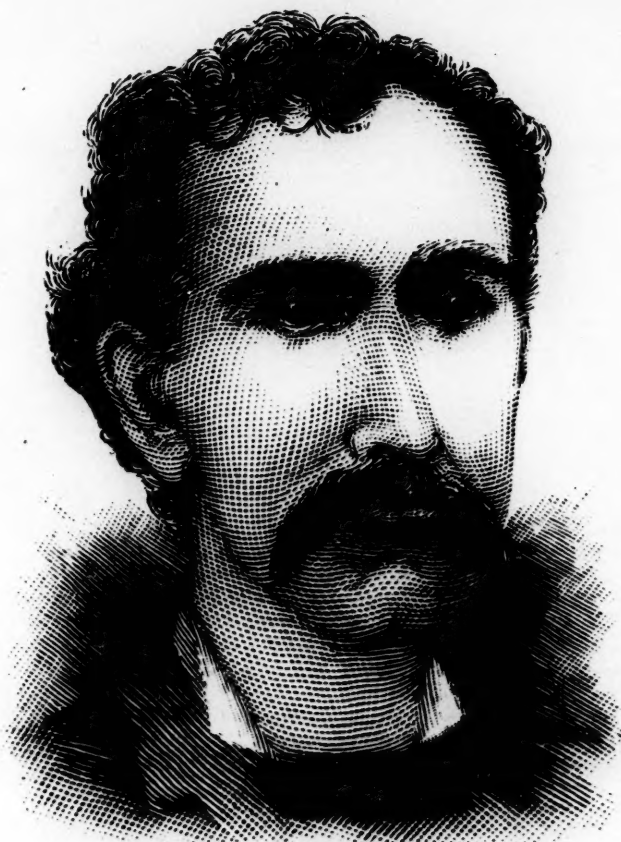
RALPH W. LEE,

WHO SHOT HIS STEPFATHER MILLIONAIRE RAWSON IN CHICAGO TO AVENGE HIS MOTHER'S ALLEGED WRONGS.



FIGHTING MARINES.

SOME OF UNCLE SAM'S LAND AND WATER POLICE HAVE A GENIAL SHINDY AMONG THEMSELVES AT THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



JAMES H. JACOBS,

THE SLAYER OF ELMER E. QUIGLEY WHO HAS BEEN CONVICTED FOR THE CRIME AFTER A LONG TRIAL, LANCASTER, PA.



BLINKEY MORGAN,

THE STAR BURGLAR NOW ON TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF DETECTIVE HULLIGAN, KILLED IN A STRUGGLE AT RAVENNA, O.



J. A. STEWART,

WHO WAS SENTENCED TO SEVENTEEN YEARS AND FINED TWENTY THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS, WICHITA, KAN.

ALMOST OUT.

Dunlap, the American Bank Robber, Reaches the End of His Imprisonment.

HIS CRIMES.

A Wonderful and Famous Rogue's Strange Life Career Which Reads Like a Romance.

HE SAVES HIS BOODLE.

In 1887 or 1893 a bright young fellow, who was born and bred in Warsaw, Ill. was arrested and convicted by an Illinois court for grand larceny. He was a handsome chap. He had received a fair education, and he had a pious mother. But he was bad from early childhood, and he was as bold as he was bad. He began life away from home on a Mississippi steamboat, where, from his quick, nervous movements, his skill as a dancer, and his agility, he gained the nickname of Hustling Bob Scott.

While he was in the penitentiary he was approached by an older criminal, who was well known to the police throughout the country as Scar-faced Tom, but whose real name was Tom Riley.

Scar-faced Tom first signified to Hustling Bob that he liked his looks, and Scott was pleased with his compliment.

"You've got the stuff in you," says Scar-faced Tom in prison language one day to Scott.

"Glad you think so," was the reply.

And then they gained that intimacy which bars and solitary cells cannot prevent. Scott was delighted with the idea of being put upon the right road for big busi-



LOOKING FOR THE KEY.

ness in Scar-faced Tom's line, and before their terms expired Riley had promised to bring Scott and another young fellow together just as soon as they got out of jail. This other young fellow was Dunlap, and as soon as Scott was released, the very next day Riley presented him to Dunlap who had received word from Riley to be in Chicago.

The two young men, as they afterward said, stood staring at each other a moment. Their study of each other was satisfactory. They grasped hands and began a partnership that with a single interruption lasted until the walls of Concord prison closed upon them with a twenty years' sentence before them.

Scott was then about twenty-five years old. He was six feet tall and straight as a hickory rod. He was slender, but his muscles were like steel wires. He had large and very black eyes, coal black hair, and singularly fine teeth, and he lisped just a little when he was in excitement. But he was very cool and had abundant self-restraint. His voice was low and soft, and his manner was quiet.

Dunlap was born in Scotland, but that is all any one ever learned of his early history. He never spoke of it to his intimates, but there were some indications that vice was not his early experience, and he certainly had some advantages in his boyhood. It was always surmised that he was of good family, and had been the black sheep in it, and it is probable that Dunlap was an assumed name. He, too, was a handsome fellow at an off-hand glance. His eyes were blue, his hair brown and he wore a sandy mustache. He seemed always to be smiling, and for that reason his face was one which would inspire a stranger's confidence. He was a stouter man than Scott, not quite so tall, but, like Scott, of good figure, and very undemonstrative and quiet in his manners.

After Riley had brought them together and chatted with them for a while, he said:

"Now, I've done you two a good turn. You are just the men who ought to be together. I expect to hear from you pretty soon. When I hear of a good piece of work I shall know who did it," and he left them. His line was different from theirs, and they never saw him again.

Dunlap at once took Scott to New York, and introduced him to Billy Connors, a professional crook, though a man who prided himself upon his gentlemanly appearance and demeanor. Connors was known either by name or description to every criminal detective of repute in the country. His specialty was scouting, piping and preparing for expeditions. He afterward developed some skill as an intermediary between the gang and bank officers, who sought to compromise and thus get some of their possessions back.

Not long after Scott arrived in New York Connors set out on an exploring expedition. He reported on his return that he thought good chances were to be found for operation in Cleveland and Dayton, but advised that an attempt be first made upon the Falls City Bank in Louisville. It was a quick job, and the easiest of all

their successful exploits. They robbed the bank of \$200,000.

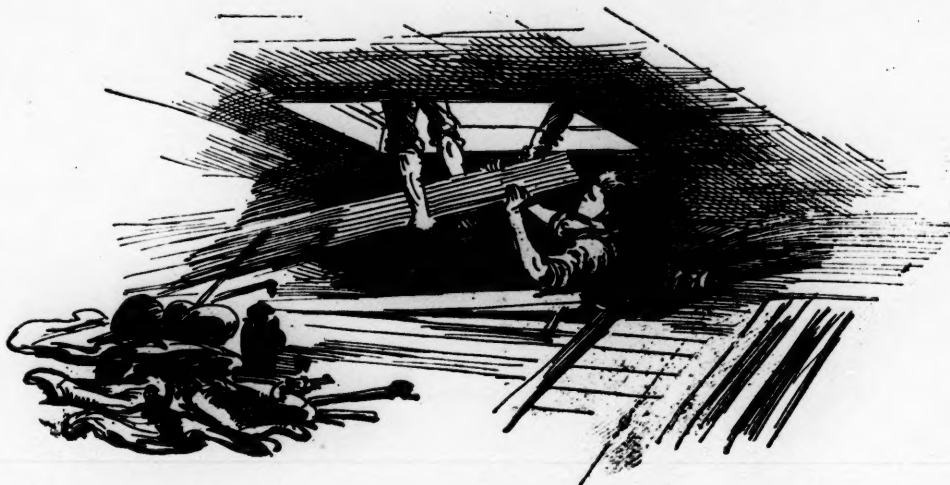
The detectives were in a fog. They saw at once that the workmanship was that of most skillful cracksmen, but who? All of the men capable of such work were located elsewhere. They could not have done it. Connors was suspected, but no trace of him having been in Louisville could be found. So it was clear that new and very dangerous men had joined the ranks of skillful cracksmen. Who were they? Where were they?

New York detectives soon reported that Billy Connors seemed to be unusually flush, though that was only a slight clue, for Connors never appeared to be in any

were found, and they went away, to enter the hotel a little before dawn in a seeming state of uproarious intoxication.

The amazement of the secretary of the association next morning was great. Burglars had left their tracks in the house, had even rifled his pockets, but not a thing had been taken. Had he left his keys in his trouser's pocket that night they would have been taken just long enough to get a wax impression of them.

Scott and Dunlap returned to New York to report their failure and disgust, but were delighted to hear Connors say that he had got on the track of a lock and



ABOVE THE VAULT.

other condition than that of prosperity. But he was very closely shadowed, and soon it was reported that he had for companions two stylish-looking chaps about whom nothing was known. The description of these stylish chaps was passed along until it reached Joliet, then word came back as follows: "The dark man is Hustling Bob Scott, who served a term here for grand larceny."

Down went the name of Hustling Bob into the blotter of every detective agency and in the record of every police office of every city. But Dunlap was not placed at all. All that the detectives could learn about him was that his name was Jim Dunlap and that he was crooked. They were convinced that these were the men who robbed the Falls City Bank, but not the slightest clue could they obtain to fasten the crime upon them.

In about a year their cash got low, and it was Connors who first suggested that some more work was necessary. While they were preparing for a scouting expedition Connors met John Berry, a bold but not very brainy crackman, and Berry suggested that the Second National Bank of Elmira offered peculiarly tempting inducements for their line of work.

A few days after that a gentlemanly appearing man registered at the Rathbone House in Elmira. His manner made him friends. He was reserved, and appeared to be busy with private matters. He was in his room a good deal. He never appeared at the bar, and sent no order there. It was understood that he had some idea of buying land a little ways out of Elmira. He was, indeed, a sober, industrious man, and his name was Billy Connors, and he used his eyes to such purpose that he discovered that the Young Men's Christian Association occupied rooms over the Second National Bank's vaults. He frequented these rooms in the evening, and was welcome. Sometimes he paused a moment at the door, as if to wipe his feet. But his eyes and fingers were on the lock of that door, without avail. The door was iron, and the lock a patent one of which no impression was possible. With this and other information of value Connors departed from Elmira.

He reported to the gang, which had been enlarged by the admission of Red Leary, Bill Cummings and John Berry, that the bank's vault could be dug into if they could get access to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms at night. But the iron door and the patent lock make an impassable barrier, as they would be obliged to work there many nights, and any tampering with the lock would betray them.

"We can't work it," said Dunlap. "Let's look somewhere else."

"We can work it if we can get a party that knows about locks interested," suggested Scott. "Try that lay, Billy; or why not get the keys?"

That suggestion was regarded as good. Two days after two young men, supposed to be drummers, ap-

safe expert who, he thought, could be worked.

He was a traveling salesman for one of the big safe houses, Connors said, and was a sporting man, fond of horses. When in town he frequented a stable in Thirty-fourth street, and talked about horses with the men who gathered there. The man who kept this stable, Connors added, used to be a friend of his, and in professional business, too, and had promised to sound this safe man.

This safe man has since told how he was approached. One night the livery stable keeper said to him: "Edson, you could make a heap of money without scarcely lifting your finger."

"How?"

"Well, suppose a party came to you and asked you for a sample key, and you gave it?"

"That would be funny business? I don't want it."

"How would you know it was funny business? You wouldn't know. You don't know the men, and you'd get as many thousands as there are weeks in the year."

Edson listened, was tempted still more, and at last promised to give a key to a man whom he should meet in Elmira and who would give him an impression for \$50,000. The man was to be a stranger, but should have a note of introduction and say nothing about the purpose for which he wanted the key.

A few days after Edson went to Elmira, where he really had business, and at a hotel a fine-looking young man, well dressed, approached and asked him if his name was Edson. The fine-looking young man was the alleged drummer, who had made a night of it a few weeks before and was now on his return trip. He was really Hustling Bob.

He gave Edson a letter of introduction, and then went to Edson's room. Pretty soon he went out, and late in the evening jammed a piece of paper into the keyhole of the Y. M. C. A. room. This bit of paper he gave Edson, and in a few days he had the key.

All this had taken nearly a month. A few days after a woman hired a house in the outskirts of Elmira and began housekeeping there. No one ever saw any other person than this woman, though she explained to the grocers, from whom she bought a large quantity of provisions, that she boarded railroad hands, who arrived late at night and were obliged to leave early in the morning.

These railroad hands were Hustling Bob, Jim Dunlap, Red Leary, Billy Connors, Bill Cummings and John Berry. The woman did not state correctly the hours of their arrival and departure. They left the house separately an hour after midnight, and returned separately, with careful step, just before dawn. They met in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and worked three hours nightly at the hardest kind of work. The floor was taken up. The huge stones over the vault were removed and taken, by what must have been the utmost difficulty, to the garret, and each



AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

peared in Elmira. They seemed to be strangers. They were introduced by the clerk of the hotel, and seemed to take to one another, and when they requested him to give them information as to where they could go to make a night of it, they got the information and went off, apparently already half full of champagne. But two blocks away from the hotel they were sober men, and amazed would that hotel clerk have been could he have seen them. They took a window pane out of the sash in the house of the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and were soon, rubber-footed, in his bedroom. His pockets, bureau drawers and other places where he would be likely to keep keys were searched, but none

night the flooring was put back so skillfully that no signs of the tampering with it were revealed.

After the stones were removed there appeared big layers of railroad iron. Three weeks of the most patient work were required to remove this formidable barrier, and it had to be done noiselessly.

At last the opening to the vault was made. Six weeks' work had been required. In another night the richly stored safes would be blown open and another great bank robbery committed. But upon that evening, just as the bank was to be closed, the president discovered bits of plaster on the floor. He was a cautious man. He knew that these bits were signs of danger, and he

made an examination. In five minutes, almost paralyzed with fright, he discovered the big hole above the vault. The police were informed, and they bungled their job. Billy Connors was piping for the gang, and his quick eye scented danger. He gave the alarm just as Scott with an air pump and Dunlap with powder and dynamite were approaching the building.

"The job's up, Jim," said Scott, taking to his heels. All of the gang got away except Berry, who was captured in the building. Connors was nabbed at the depot, but after a severe fight he got away. The gang scattered according to prearrangement, and met the next day in a quiet house in Harlem. They raised money to defend Berry, and after he was convicted they gave his wife money to support her and her children for a year or two, and promised more when that was gone.

It was a bitter disappointment for the gang. They tried to find Edson, but he was away in the South on business for his house. While hunting for him they stumbled across George Mason, a Western burglar, whom Connors knew.

Mason suggested that there were good opportunities at the Quincy, Ill. bank, and a new gang was organized. In it were Scott, who was now acknowledged leader; Dunlap, Dave Cummings, known to the police as Little Dave; Tom Bigelow and Billy Flynn, Connors and Leary stayed in New York on another job.

A week's work gave the men admittance to the vault, and one stormy night Scott and Dunlap dropped through the hole into it. They had learned the use of the air pump from Edson. They plugged up all the seams in the safe except a slight crack at the top and bottom. At one crack they placed fine powder, and at the other the air pump, which, when worked, sucked the powder in. Then Dunlap fastened a pistol at the crack, and by means of a string discharged it. Neither man left the vault. The explosion was terrific, and the smoke suffocating. The safe was ripped open, and, with faces blackened and Dunlap with his hands burned, they came out with \$120,000 in cash and \$700,000 in good bonds.

When the detectives found the air pump in the vault they then first learned that this machine had been utilized by burglars for safe-blasting purposes. On their return to New York Connors began negotiating for the bonds through a firm of lawyers, and it is understood that a cash price was paid for them.

The detectives were sure that Scott and his gang had committed the robbery, but not the slightest clue that justified arrest could be found. At this time Scott developed his fondness for the turf, appearing at all the races, and frequently exciting admiration as he drove his very fast trotter Knox up the boulevard or down the broad road to Coney Island. Dunlap took a trip across the sea. Berry's family was given a handsome sum, and the gang separated to enjoy their sport for the summer.

The screws were put on Edson a few months later



ARRESTING RED LEARY.

when the money was all spent. He was threatened with exposure to his employers and family, when he used his knowledge as a bank-safe expert for the benefit of the gang. On the other hand, he was promised rich rewards if he would tell them where weak bank vaults were and how to operate them.

He yielded. He suggested the National Bank in Saratoga, the Long Island Bank, and one in Nantucket. An attempt was made on the Long Island Bank, but was given up because Scott and Dunlap quarreled. Edson also suggested a bank in Rockville, Conn., one in Plymouth, another in Bloomburg, Pa., another in Wilkes-Barre, and one in Syracuse. The Rockville Bank would have been attacked if the gang had not been frightened away.

Scott then took the gang, except Dunlap, to Covington. The bank which he meant to crack there was under the Opera House, and the orchestra seats in it were taken up every night to permit working in the vault. When the opening was made Scott jumped down into the vault alone and blew the safe open with nitro-glycerine, standing in one corner of the vault at the time. The explosion partly deafened him permanently. Groping through the smoke with his hands he seized what appeared to be cash and bonds and rammed the packages into a rubber bag that hung like a haversack at his side. When they came to look at their booty they found they had \$400,000 in cash and \$1,500,000 in bonds. The bonds are understood to have been returned on compromise, but the money was divided.

A year later the money had been gambled, drunk and dissipated away. Dunlap had made up with Scott, and proposed to crack a bank in Pittston. They got into a vault by working from the roof. Scott and Dunlap dropped down into it. They worked for an hour on one safe, causing twelve explosions, some with powder and some with glycerine, which one of the gang outside held in a can, while Dunlap went back and forth after it for each charge. At the twelfth explosion the safe yielded, but Scott and Dunlap came out so exhausted that they could not walk, and Scott was almost unconscious. He had also inhaled smoke, which developed afterward a fatal disease. But he had \$300,000 in bonds in his hands.

HE HAD TO PUT ON HIS COAT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miner Ed Scheffelin, who recently sold the Toughnut mine of Arizona for a million dollars, went to Carson the other day and put up at the best hotel there. When dinner was announced he sauntered into the dining room with his long hair trailing down over his shoulders, which were not covered by a coat. The head waiter told the millionaire that he must put on his coat. "I guess you don't know who I am, you black rascal," said Mr. Scheffelin. "Don't make no difference, sah," said the waiter; "you must put on yo' coat." And the landlaid backed up the waiter, and the man of money had to dress before he could eat.

HE'S A WINNER.

That's What the Big Sports
Say About Cham-
pion Kilrain.

THEIR BATTLES.

The Pugilistic Record of the American
and English Representative
Gladiators in Full.

WELL MATCHED.

In every town, village and hamlet in all parts of this country and England the great international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, America's champion, and Jem Smith, England's champion, who are to enter the magic circle on Jan. 3, in Spain, and battle for the large sum of \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, is the topic of discussion. Kilrain is with Charley Mitchell, his popular and shrewd manager, in England, and both are gaining hosts of friends, and wherever Kilrain and his manager go they receive every attention. Kilrain is not a man that likes notoriety; neither does he try to push himself ahead where he is not wanted, and by his quiet, gentlemanly demeanor he has already gained a host of friends. No better man than Mitchell could have gone over to England to show him the ups and downs, and the many croakers who are shouting Mitchell is an Englishman, do not know what they are saying. Mitchell desires Kilrain to win, and he will do all in his power to assist him retain the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. By the way, Mr. A. H. Spink, the popular editor of the *Sporting News* of St. Louis, in his issue of Oct. 15, says:

"The international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America, and Jem Smith, the champion pugilist of England, is now creating more than usual interest in sporting circles. No matter where you go, either in public resorts, railroads, race tracks or barber shops, the coming battle is the topic of conversation. Every one has their opinion and of course the majority are pinning their faith in the American champion's ability to conquer the British champion. Many outside of the followers of the prize ring appear to be at sea in regard to the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is now established as the emblem of the prize ring championship of the world, as the British and the American champions signed articles of agreement to contend for the trophy and that clause is embodied in the protocol. No matter what anybody may claim, write or argue the "Police Gazette" diamond belt is now the standard pugilistic championship emblem and no matter whether Jem Smith or Jake Kilrain wins the coming battle, upon which the belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world is at issue, the winner will have to defend it against all comers."

The editor of the *Sporting News* is sound on the question, for no matter whether Smith defeats Kilrain or the latter conquers the British champion, the winner will have to defend it against all comers, according to the rules laid down, and which govern the trophy.

In a recent issue of the *Sporting Life*, the following letter from John Fleming to Jem Smith, appears:

"I have read the remarks, foreign and otherwise, in regard to the suggested arrangements for the fight between Smith and Kilrain. It may be interesting to know that months prior to the ideas recently formulated, I gave utterance to the very same suggestions and strongly advised their immediate adoption. I it was who first indicated a limit to the number of spectators in order to ensure fair play and avoid rowdiness. My idea was each side to submit the names of fifty visitors, and as a guarantee of fairness, those against whom there was an objection to be struck out. My party will consist of noblemen and gentlemen, chiefly members of the Pelican Club, and I am positive no one on the other side will be in the slightest degree averse to the attendance of a single individual. On the contrary I am certain their presence will be considered advisable in order to give a tone to the transaction and secure absolute freedom from unfair interference. While I think of it I wish to mention that Shaw and Shrewsbury presented Smith on Tuesday evening with a pair of patent inflated boxing gloves. Concerning the arrangements, Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the New York *Police Gazette*, assured me that all details, so far as he was concerned, would be left entirely to Wm. E. Harding, his representative, and naturally enough until I hear from him I am in duty bound to reward him with my confidence. So far as Mr. Charles Mitchell is considered he will suit me quite as well; in fact, better, because I know him, and Mr. Harding is a stranger to me. Still I am in a quandary, and the sooner I can thoroughly understand with whom I have to deal the better I shall like it. It was my intention to cable Mr. Fox, but as he will not arrive in America before Saturday, I must wait. I am desirous of bringing the fight off in a quiet respectable manner, according to the articles, and I await with some anxiety the advent of Mr. Fox's nominees from America, so that we can work amicably together and lead the preliminary business to a satisfactory issue. I repeat that the incidental arrangements have frequently appeared in the English and American papers, and, I think, after nominees have been approved of, it is decidedly wrong for any one else to interfere. As regards the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, my party feel that the fact of Kilrain retaining and exhibiting it is unfair to Smith, and without precedent. According to the rules under which the battle is to be fought, the belt ought to be at once deposited with the stakeholder. I shall be only too pleased to meet Mr. Fox's nominee, and do all in my power to assist and work with him to the satisfaction of the men and their backers."

In a following issue of the *Sporting Life* appeared this from Charley Mitchell:

Sir—Mr. Fleming and his friends appear dreadfully

concerned about the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. Permit me to state that it will remain in the possession of Kilrain, the rightful owner, until the proper time arrives to hand it over to the stakeholder. Kilrain has given no pledge to any one that he would not exhibit the belt, and Mr. Richard K. Fox erred when he made a promise that the belt would be placed in the custody of the Pelican Club without first obtaining Kilrain's sanction. Anything just and fair that Kilrain may be called upon to do, you can bet your bottom dollar will be done, but there is no precedent for the objections raised. Mr. Fleming is anxious, too, to know with whom he will have to deal in concluding arrangements for the fight. I beg to inform him that Kilrain has left all business in connection with the fight and engagements in my hands. Of course I shall work with William E. Harding, Mr. Fox's representative, in an amicable manner so long as Kilrain's interests are well cared for, but Mr. Fleming can rest assured that any arrangement that may be arrived at between Mr. Fox's agent and himself will be useless without my sanction also being obtained. Neither Kilrain nor myself wish anything unfair or unreasonable, and if Mr. Fleming sticks to the programme he has mapped out, he will find that I shall work harmoniously with him. The bother about the belt is "crazy." Kilrain is the holder. As such he has a right to exhibit it, if he feels so disposed to do, until the proper time arrives for him to deliver it up to the stakeholder. Yours, etc.,

CHARLES MITCHELL,
Jake Kilrain's Manager.

In regard to the "Police Gazette" diamond belt Mitchell is correct according to the rules governing the trophy. Kilrain being the holder of the emblem he has a perfect right to exhibit the belt and keep it in his possession until thirty days prior to the contest. At the expiration of that time he must deposit it with the final stakeholder. This rule settles the question:

RULE 17—The belt must be delivered to the stakeholder thirty days prior to a contest, and the holder refusing any challenge will forfeit all claims and rights to the trophy.

In regard to the wrangle over representatives Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, will be represented by William E. Harding. He will arrive in England on or about November 14, for he sails from this city on Saturday, November 6. He will carry written instructions with him in regard to making the final arrangements for the great international encounter, and act in conjunction with Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell in settling all arrangements about the fight so that there is no likelihood of any hitch occurring about the management of the affair.

Nearly every sporting man on the Pacific Slope, and in all parts of this country, have heard of Prof. William Clark, the once famous boniface and boxer. In an interview this is what he says about the great international prize fight between Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith in regard to the American champion receiving fair play:

"It makes me very tired to hear of this talk of Kilrain not being likely to receive fair play in his mill with Jem Smith on the other side. Now, barring the Sayers-Heenan fight, in which Sayers' friends out the ropes, where is the American that received the worst of it in the old country? Ben Caunt took Freeman over and he whipped the Tipton Slasher. Charley Lynch, long the champion American feather-weight, went to England and licked all comers. Yankee Sullivan was taken over by Gill, and the crowd allowed him to lick Hammer Lane without raising a hand or voice to prevent such proceeding. Coburn went over and was to have fought Mace in Ireland, but the mob ran the Englishman out of that country. In fact I never heard of an American getting the worst of it on the other side. And so Kilrain is as likely to get fair play there as he would if in this country. Another thing that sounds strange is this talk of Sullivan and Sheedy about Smith being able to lick Kilrain. How do they know? As a matter of fact, Sullivan has never yet laid eyes on Smith, nor had Sheedy seen him until the other day, and yet for months they have been talking about Smith being the better man. Well, if that kind of talk is not evidence of sour grapes, God save the mark. Richard K. Fox I know personally. He is a shrewd, liberal and, I may say, great sportsman, and he is well aware Kilrain stands a first-class chance of winning the championship of the world, or he would not spend \$10,000, which I think it will cost him to bring off the great battle. Kilrain is a big, sturdy, strong man, very clever with his hands; his gameness cannot be questioned, and I admire him because he has always been ready to fight all challengers. Many men have fought for the championship of this country who were not, in my opinion, Kilrain's equals, let alone superiors, and it would not surprise me if he still retained the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is now the champion emblem of the prize ring."

Comments of English judges of boxing on Kilrain under cover, boxing with Charley Mitchell at St. James Hall:

"He is another John C. Heenan."

"He's no dunce, lad."

"By me, Tom, he is tricky, and stands like old fighters."

"I'll bet a pony the American has got a lot up his sleeve."

"Why, this Kilrain looks like a mighty good 'un."

The *Sporting Life*, London, says: "Altogether, if the truth is told, the set-to between Charley Mitchell and Kilrain was a very tame affair. We may depend upon it, however, that there is something more in Kilrain than he chose to exhibit. He surely has something more up his sleeve."

The *Echo* says: "The American champion, boxing with Charley Mitchell at St. James Hall was par excellence. He is a strong, muscular, and sturdy boxer, and it will be no easy task for Smith to conquer him, and still the American, we are certain, did not show true form."

Jake Kilrain, the American champion, who is matched to fight Jem Smith for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world, gives the following interesting history of his life and battles:

Kilrain stands 5 feet 10½ inches high, and weighs 210 pounds. His chest measurement is 41 inches, upon and around the biceps 16 inches, forearm 14 inches, waist 34 inches, thigh 25 inches, calf of leg 16½ inches. He wears a No. 9 shoe and a No. 9 glove, and it takes a 17 inch collar to encircle his neck.

"My name is John Joseph Killion. When I was a lad my comrades persisted in calling me Kilrain, and the name has stuck to me ever since, so I have bowed to the inevitable, and now write my name 'Kilrain.' I was born at Greenport, Columbia county, which is in the State of New York, and the date of my nativity is the 9th of February, 1859, so that I am twenty-eight years of age. I have no regular occupation other than training athletes and boxing, but in my younger days I worked in a rolling mill in Somerville, Mass., which is a suburb of Boston. It was here that I developed a love for athletic sports. In fact they were forced

upon me, for in such a large establishment it was not to be wondered at that there were many good boxers, and as I was a gawky, country boy, I was a mark for all their practical jokes. Sometimes they went too far, and when I remonstrated they laughed at me. You can bet that made me mad, so I just made up my mind that I would thrash one or two of these tormentors, and from that day I was the champion of the mill.

"The first customer was Jack Daley, who had fought several small ring battles, but I put him to sleep in short order. My next encounter was with Jem Driscoll, a regular giant who, while having little or no science, could hit with the force of a trip hammer. He hurt me very badly, but I finally wore him down, and when he at last gave up his mother would scarcely have known him. I next fought Dan Dwyer. It was a long and bloody fight, but I finally managed to pull through a winner. I was very sore for a long while, and thought I was internally injured. The last man that was pitted against me was Dennis Roach. He had been imported to the mill with the idea of putting an end to young Kilrain's run of luck, and they came near doing so, too. I was not very well when the day for the fight arrived, but knowing full well that I should have been branded as a coward if I backed out, I got into the ring determined to stand up as long as I was able. My antagonist was a hurricane fighter, and sought to annihilate me in a couple of rounds. He hit me in the stomach several times, and I thought that I must give in, but after a little while Roach's blows got weaker, and finding he could not hurt me much, I fought with him, and by a judicious use of my left hand, managed to close up his eyes. Roach was willing to keep on fighting, although he could not see. Finally his friends took him away, and that ended my fighting career in the mill."

He took to rowing, and was one of the winning crew in a four-oared race on Lake Waldron. This appeared to whet Kilrain's appetite for boating, and in 1883 we find him competing successfully for the Junior sculling championship at the National Amateur regatta, held at Newark, N. J. Of course, when President Garfield, of the National Association, learned the identity of "Killion," and discovered him to be a professional pugilist, he at once took steps for an investigation, and Mr. "Killion" and Mr. Kilrain ceased to be an amateur oarsman. His next appearance in a racing boat was on the Charles river, when he was one of a four-oared Hull boat crew. They rowed against the Middlesex and Riverside crews, and beat them both. A few weeks later on he formed part of a four-oared crew which rowed in the Union Boat Club regatta on the Charles river, and won the prize. The same crew was one of the entries in the Fourth of July regatta of 1883, but suffered defeat, rowing second to the Middlesex crew, which was accounted one of the best amateur fours.

"In the winter of 1883 I launched out as a downright professional pugilist. I obtained a situation in the Boston Cribb Club, where I was assistant to Jem McCarthy. Here I got more hard knocks than wealth, but I gained a good deal of experience. While employed in the Cribb Club I was called upon to face some good men. My first experience was with Harry Allen. We were to have contested six rounds, but I had Allen knocked out in the very first round. The gentlemen present asked to 'let up' on my antagonist. This I did, and he rallied, but made such a poor showing that the management stopped the fight."

"My next antagonist was George Godfrey, the colored pugilist. This was to have been a six-round fight, but I hit the darkey so hard that he quit in the third round. "Nothing more was done in 1883, but the following year was a very busy one for me. Jim Goode was pitted against me for a six-round battle. The referee declared it a draw, but disinterested people say that I should have got the verdict, as Goode was to all intents and purposes a defeated man."

"My next antagonist was Charley Mitchell, with whom I fought a four-round draw. Then came my encounter with Mike Cleary, which was for four rounds. Despite the fact that Cleary could scarcely stand at the end of the fourth round, Billy Edwards declared the contest a draw."

"Next in order comes my meeting with Jack Burke. We were to have fought five rounds, but the first was so hot and heavy that the Boston police got on the stage and prevented us from finishing the combat; they allowed us to finish the other four rounds in a very tame sparring match. A proposition was made to Burke to settle the affair in some other city, but the Irish lad refused."

After this Kilrain took a long rest, and then he went to Bangor, Me., and met a giant by the name of Jerry Murphy, who stood six feet one inch and weighed 200 pounds. Kilrain almost killed his burly antagonist, and in the middle of the second round put him to sleep by a right-hander on the jaw.

In 1885, at Cambridge, Mass., Kilrain met William Sheriff, the Prussian. They were to have fought six rounds, but Kilrain knocked his antagonist insensible in two rounds. The latter was finally restored to consciousness, and then Kilrain sparred a light round with Sheriff, who could make no showing with his man at all.

George Fryer, the British pugilist, was Kilrain's next adversary, and they fought a five-round draw. The last victim that Kilrain had in 1885 was Jem McGlynn, of New Bedford, Mass. This individual, by the exercise of a lot of pedestrianism, managed to last through three rounds, then he got hit so hard on the jaw that he quit, refusing to go on.

During the year 1886 Kilrain had many adversaries. The first one to oppose him was Frank Herald, whom some of the New York newspapers "boosted" into such eminence. This is the pugilist of whom it was said that Mr. James Gordon Bennett offered to subscribe a purse of \$2,000 to fight John L. Sullivan, provided no reporters other than his own men were allowed to see the battle. Herald and Kilrain met in Baltimore, Md., and the first named landed one short round, Kilrain sending in such a smashing hit on the jaw that Herald toppled over insensible.

"Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, was referee, but because the police broke in the ring, he decided the contest a draw, but admitted that if the round had been finished and the police not stopped hostilities, that he would have declared me the winner, for everyone knew that Herald was whipped."

Soon after this Kilrain was hired to spar at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, Pa. The conditions under which he was to draw his salary were that he was to meet a fresh man every night, and either beat his opponent or send him to sleep. This Kilrain did. He began on Godfrey, who got his quietus in the second round. When Godfrey was knocked down everyone thought that his neck was broken, and it was hours before he was restored to consciousness. In fact he has never been the same man since Kilrain's mighty right hand came in contact with his jaw.

Tom Kelly managed to stand up three rounds, and part of the fourth round. Then he was taken to his room in a very demoralized condition. Mind, on the

list was Denny Killeen, who, though standing up through four rounds, was badly used up. Killeen was knocked down seven times in the quarter of an hour he faced Kilrain. This was a wonderful showing for an athlete, and the record stands unrivaled.

In 1886 Kilrain had many glove fights. His first battle was with Jack Ashton on Long Island. Ashton had whipped Dick Collier and won fifteen battles, and many supposed he would easily defeat Kilrain, but Kilrain won.

"Joe Lannon, of Boston, then challenged me to fight with skin gloves. A purse was put up by the Cribb Club, Boston, and Lannon was made a big favorite because Sullivan, who was then champion, refused to meet him. Lannon managed to stand up for 13 rounds, and then a blow on the point of the jaw made him oblivious to the call of time, and I won. Richard K. Fox, my backer, then put up \$1,000 with the New York *Clipper* and offered to match me to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, or any man in the world, for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship. Sullivan could not be coaxed to fight me and the match fell through. Richard K. Fox then handed me the "Police Gazette" championship belt and matched me to fight Jem Smith, the champion of England, for \$10,000 and the championship of the world."

Jem Smith, the champion pugilist of England, who is matched to fight Jake Kilrain, the American champion, was born at St. Lukes, London, England. He is 24 years of age and has the cut and physog of a pugilistic gladiator. He is well developed and possesses big muscles, which denote great strength and hitting power. He stands 5 feet 8 inches in his stockings, and weighs 182 pounds. The following are his measurements: Chest, 40½ inches; waist, 33½ inches; hips, 40½ inches; thigh, 24½ inches; calf, 16½ inches; biceps, 15½ inches; he has weighed, untrained, 212 pounds; he made his advent in pugilism in 1882, when he won a boxing competition open to 140-pound pugilists in London; same year he defeated Bob Preston in a bare-knuckle fight in 8 rounds, occupying 20 minutes, near London for \$40; same year in London won the all England boxing competition for 154-pound men; same year at St. Luke's, with bare knuckles, beat Liddard, middle-weight, in 6 rounds; same year beat Snavey, of Oliver, 168-pound man with gloves, in 4 rounds; in 1883 won the open boxing competition at Bill Richardson's Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, for middle-weights, defeating Arthur Cooper, Bill Brand and Bob Preston.

In the same year he fought Bill Davis, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$250. It was a desperate battle, lasting nearly one hour, when Davis was unable to continue, and Smith was declared the winner. His next battle was with Henry Arnold. They fought with gloves, in London, in 1882. Fourteen rounds were fought in 55 minutes, when Smith was again hailed the winner.

Smith was then matched to fight Bill Skidmore, who weighed 16 stone (224 pounds), for a purse. The battle was fought at Barke, Eng., Dec. 15, 1883, and Smith was again returned the winner, after fighting three rounds in 11 minutes.

Woolf Bendoff then challenged Smith to fight with hard gloves for £20 (\$100). The battle was fought in London in December, 1884. Twelve rounds were fought in 48 minutes, when the referee declared Smith the winner. In this battle Smith's arm was broken by a heavy blow delivered on Bendoff's head.

In 1885 Smith won the heavy-weight boxing tournament at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, beating Sugar Goodson, Jack Wannop and Bill Longer, with gloves.

He was then matched to fight Jem Mace's unknown, Jack Davis, for \$1,000 and the championship of England. Davis had just come from the United States, where he had not shown the least form to pose as a champion, having failed to beat Mike Donovan, the champion middle-weight, and in a boxing exhibition with a wrestler, Gus Lambert, a Canadian-French athlete, he had all the worst of the bargain. The battle was fought on Dec. 16, 1885, at Godstone, England, and London prize ring rules governed. Only 4 rounds were fought in fifteen minutes, when Smith was declared the winner. It was a farce as far as a contest was concerned, for Davis had no pretensions to championship form, and he was no match for Smith, who could evidently have beaten two pugilists like Davis. It was by this battle that Smith won the championship of England, and upon which his name was enrolled as one of the fistic heroes, and one of the long line of champions which figures in prize ring history. With all deference to the ability and prowess of Smith, we must state that he reached the English championship goal by one jump, but the ditch he had to clear to reach it was so very shallow and narrow that half a dozen pugilists we could name would have been champions if Jack Davis had been the only barrier or obstacle in their way.

After the English champion had defeated Jem Mace's novice, he was challenged by Alf Greenfield of Birmingham to fight for \$1,500 (or £300) a side and the championship of England. The match was arranged, and under the management of Mr. George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, London, the fight was decided at Maison Latite, Paris, on Feb. 16, 1886. Smith had the best of the fight when Greenfield's partisans broke into the ring. Jem Mace, the referee, declared the fight a draw; soon afterward Smith was matched to fight Jack Knifton, the 81-tonner, as he is called. The men met three times; once near Paris, France, the second time near London and the third time in London. On the first occasion Knifton refused to fight, because Smith's friends predominated, and the police broke up the fight after two meetings.

It may be noted that Alf Greenfield is the best man Smith ever met. After trying in vain to arrange another match with Alf Greenfield, Smith issued a challenge to fight any man in the world, John L. Sullivan, who was then champion of America, included. Richard K. Fox agreed to match Sullivan, as the American champion, to fight Smith for \$5,000 or \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which trophy was held by Sullivan and represented the championship of the world. Ireland was named by Sullivan and his backer, Richard K. Fox, but when Smith accepted the challenge and agreed to meet the American champion, to the surprise and disgust of the sporting fraternity on both sides of the Atlantic, Sullivan lowered his champion colors and refused to fight the British champion.

The New York *Sun*, Oct. 24, says: "Richard K. Fox writes that Kilrain personally selected Mitchell to act as his trainer and manager, and that Kilrain will be seconded in the actual fight by a well-known Irishman. This, he thinks, should dispose of the reports that Kilrain is under British influences that damage his chances in the fight."

N. B.—We shall be pleased to furnish any newspaper in the United States or Canada with electro-types of Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and Jem Smith, the English champion, now matched to fight for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the championship of the world, on application to Richard K. Fox.



THEY THREW HIM IN THE RIVER.

JAMES EISTMAN, A NEGRO WORKING IN A SAWMILL NEAR BRUNSWICK, GA., IS MURDERED BY HIS EMPLOYER AND TWO HELPERS.



CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

FLORENCE TAYLOR, A CHARMING GIRL OF NEW LONDON, CT., IS RESCUED BY HER BROTHER AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.



NIGHT SOIL IN THE RESERVOIR.

HOW THE WATER SUPPLY OF POTTSTOWN, PA., IS POLLUTED BY AN UNSCRUPULOUS SCAVENGER WHO HAS BEEN ARRESTED.



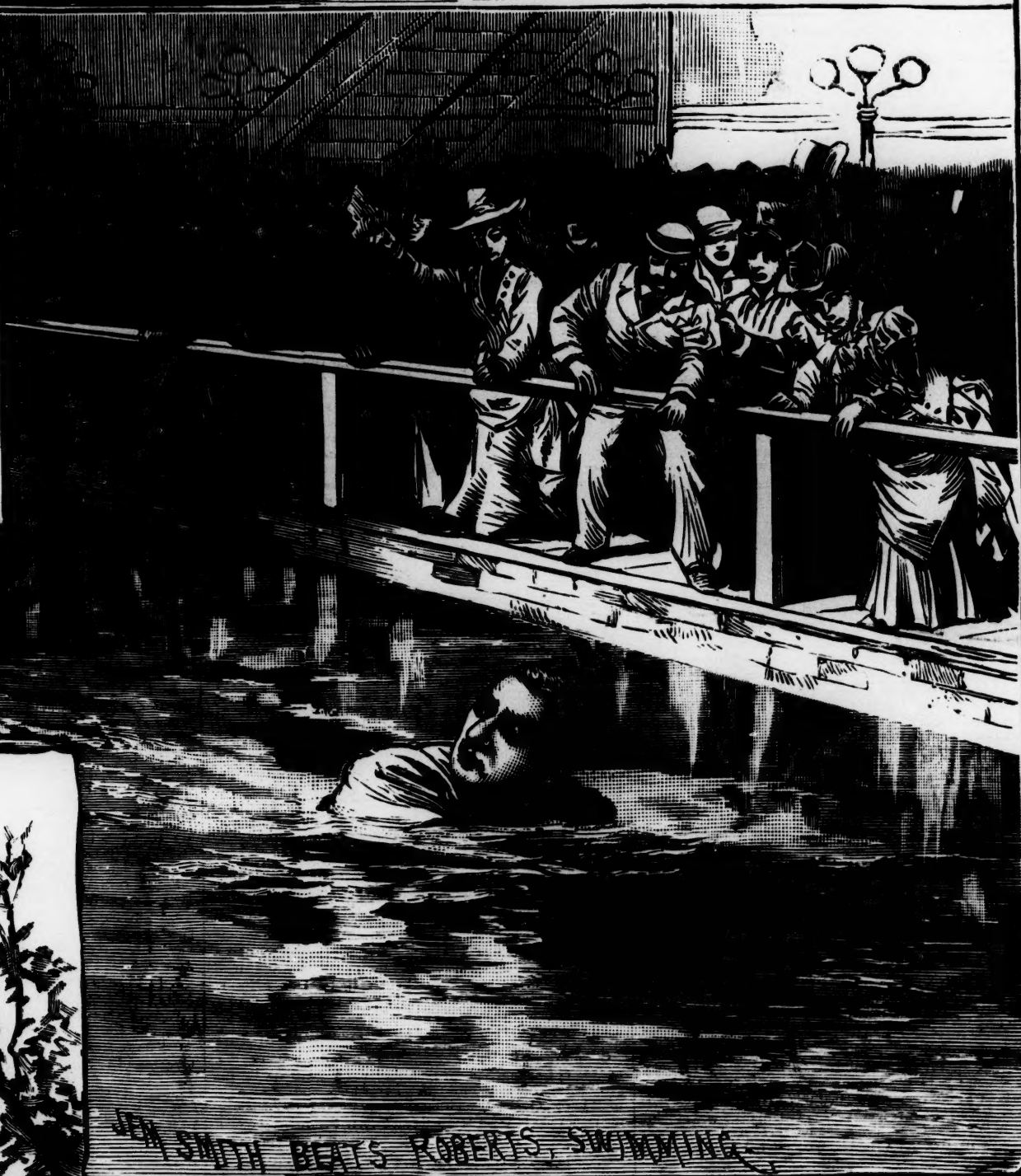
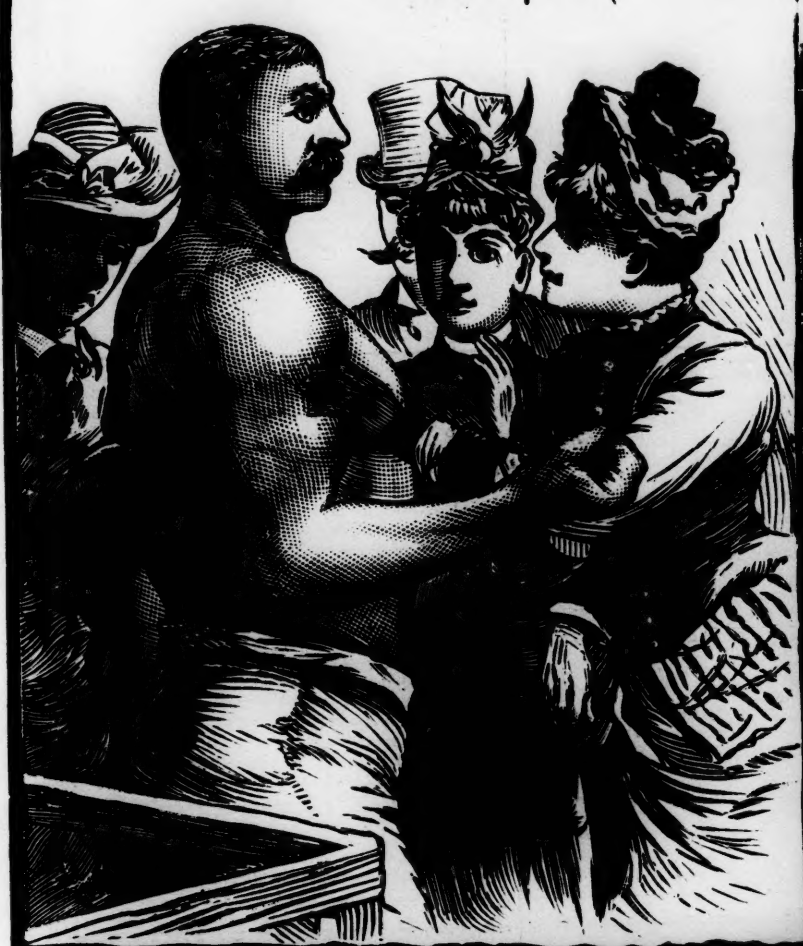
"TWO DEAD."

AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT LYNCHING RAID IN WHICH A THOUSAND CITIZENS OF ROANE COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, TOOK PART.

KILRAIN ON THE THAMES.



HIS GREAT ARM.



JEM SMITH BEATS ROBERTS, SWIMMING.



ON THE ROAD WITH PONY MOORE.

THE LONDON LIONS.

THE DOINGS OF OUR CHAMPION JAKE KILRAIN AND JEM SMITH THE ENGLISH HERO ABOUT THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

I understand the late 72-hour go-as-you-please match in Philadelphia was not a financial success. Another attempt will be made to make a monetary go of one Thanksgiving week, when Littlewood, the English champion, Albert, and Hart, the winner of the late match, will be the principal contestants. Six-day races are not looked upon with favor by the shrewd public nowadays, simply because they are well aware that one-half the competitors in these alleged contests are not trying to win, but only trying to kill time.

Paying pedestrians to engage in alleged six-day races was the rock that the long distance pedestrianism struck on, and it gave the once popular six-day races a heavy set back.

The public desire to see a genuine contest, such as was managed by Peter Duryea in Madison Square Garden, and by Daniel O'Leary, at Madison Square Garden, and in the American Institute in this city, when the "Police Gazette" champion won the International O'Leary belt, and beat all previous six-day records. The Philadelphia race will not catch the public, even if the management try to make the public believe that records are being beaten.

A great many things have come to the surface since the international races which prove that the American sloop was handled immeasurably better than her Scotch rival. On the Volunteer in the first race little schemes were being worked continually to get all the speed possible out of the yacht. First all the crew would be to windward, then as the wind lightened half of them would shift to leeward, and at times when the breeze was lightest all the crew would be leeward.

This accounts for the angle which the Volunteer took going down to the Narrows, when everyone thought she had more wind than the Thistle. Then again, after she got through the Narrows and caught the freshening breeze, it was the weight of half the crew to leeward that gave her such a list and made it look as though she had a fine breeze.

Men were stretched along by the tackles which were secured to the sheets, and as the breeze lightened the sheets were eased a trifle to give the boat life, and were flattened again whenever there was a little more air. An outrigger was used to trim the jibtopail. So many were the contrivances used for getting a little more speed that Mr. Wylie, the representative of the Thistle, was amazed, and declared after the race that he had "had no idea the Americans sailed their yachts so well."

On the Thistle, on the other hand, nothing at all was done after the start. Sheets were trimmed flat, the crew were assigned a fixed position, and all maneuvering thereafter was confined to the helmsman. This accounts in great measure for the "deadness" which characterized the Thistle's movements, as contrasted with her lively antagonist.

Before the race, when the Thistle slipped about in such a lively manner, her crew were jubilant and made derisive gestures toward the American boat, such as shaking ropes' ends at her. Even the Scotch gentlemen aboard could not refrain from making derogatory remarks about the Volunteer, till Mr. Fish, who represented the New York Yacht Club, was forced to reply:

"Gentlemen, the Volunteer is our fastest yacht. We think that she is a very fast boat, and if you beat her, you certainly beat the best we have."

After the start all was changed. The sluggish Yankee had become a dangerous rival. As Capt. Barr looked over his shoulder and saw the despoiled centreboard creeping stealthily up on his weather quarter he became alarmed. But all was not yet lost. Whenever the Thistle wished to get to windward of her English rivals all Capt. Barr had to do was to put down his helm, and by one or two vigorous shots he could luff out on his rival's weather bow. So now he tried the old trick, but it did not work. The Volunteer met him luff for luff, and the more he pitched the nearer the centreboard came.

Finally, in sheer desperation, he came about, a beaten man. He had discovered, to his amazement, that the Thistle had been outwinded, and he lost his head. After that, as a gentleman described it, "Barr acted like a frightened lion. He was running all over the deck, and carrying the tiller with him." It took but a very few minutes to convince Capt. Barr that his boat was inferior, and for the rest of the week he was a man without heart.

I think that every one will now concede that the races have proven that the centre-board type of boat is swifter under almost all ordinary conditions of wind and water than the cutter. Undoubtedly the Volunteer was more skillfully directed in the race than the Thistle was, but this superiority alone would hardly account for its easy and signal victory. Part of the honor for this triumph belongs to the designer of the American boat. And yet the British apparently are determined to tempt fate here again under similar circumstances to those under which they have met their recent defeat.

Another cutter is to be built in Scotland, and one more attempt is to be made to carry the cup to Great Britain. There is a possibility, of course, that this attempt may be successful. Nevertheless, the next race would create far more interest on this side of the water if the British showed a stronger disposition than they are now displaying to learn wisdom by their reverses.

By the way, John Harvey, of Halifax, N. S., has been engaged to design a cutter for a syndicate of wealthy Nova Scotians, who want to have a shot at the America's cup. Mr. Harvey is known there principally as the designer of the American-built cutter Bedouin; but before the Bedouin was built he had won a reputation in England as a yacht designer, having turned out the fastest schooner on the other side, the Miranda.

Mr. Harvey said a few days ago that he recently designed a cutter for Mr. E. H. Benthall, the oldest yachtsman in England, that was intended to beat the Thistle, after her return to Scotland, if she had defeated the Volunteer. Mr. Benthall's wife died a few months ago, and he became ill. He recently wrote Mr. Harvey that he had given up the idea of building the cutter, as he was getting old, having just turned his 92d year.

Mr. Harvey said that he knew that the Thistle would not beat the Volunteer the day he saw the cutter in the graving dock. He wrote this to his friends in London and Liverpool. His criticism was that there was "not enough ship" in the cutter; too much had been cut off her forefoot. He says that Mr. Charles Sweet coincided with him on this point. When he saw in a morning newspaper that a party of Nova Scotians were going to challenge for the cup he wrote them a letter, inclosing the clipping from the paper, saying that the design he had created for Mr. Benthall would be at their service for the same price that Mr. Benthall would have paid. This design is for a cutter 90 feet on the water line, 15 feet beam, and 14½ feet draught. She will have 16 feet overhang. Mr. Harvey says she will beat the Volunteer; but he thinks that Mr. Burgess and Gen. Palmer, after a careful study of the boss centreboard's defects, can make a sloop ten minutes faster than she is. New York yachtsmen wonder if the Nova Scotians will expect the Americans to chip in to help build the challenging boat, as they did for the Halifax Jubilee races.

The London "Field" says: "John Jamieson, of the Irex, has communicated with the New York Yacht Club announcing his intention to compete for the America cup next year. It is reported that Mr. Jamieson has already given orders for the building of his vessel, it being his intention that the designer, builder and crew shall be Irish. Mr. Jamieson, though

an Irishman, is one of the best known yachtsmen in England, and he has the merit of being able to sail his own boat. He is a Dublin man, and a member of the well-known whiskey-distilling firm of that city.

I see that a writer in a Western contemporary breaks away at a two-minute clip and describes Surrey, the dam of Henry Clay, as a pacer. I do not know from what source he derived his information, but he would find he had made a grievous error if he ever attempted to air his knowledge in the presence of those who frequented the Long Island race tracks between 1826 and 1830, when the little short-necked mare was on the turf. She never paced a rod in her life, but was as pure a gaited trotter as a man ever threw a leg over. She could trot in about 2:40, which was very fast in those days.

Please do not let us hear any more about Surrey being a pacer, for it is only waste of time and space repeating the old story over again. Henry Clay had not a drop of known racing blood in his veins. The dam of Andrew Jackson was said to have paced and trotted, but her breeding is unknown, and neither way of going should have the benefit of a doubt.

It is becoming customary to propound puzzles having horse trades as a central theme. While this paper, has no horse editor, there are several people upon its staff who can tell a horse at sight, and who are not slow at arithmetic. A puzzle has occurred to one of them, and he gives it to the world at large.

Suppose A sells a horse for \$100 to B. Then B in turn sells him to C for \$110, and the animal dies. What does each make or lose? The problem looks simple but it is not. In the first place, A had stolen the horse. His profit would be naturally \$100. A difficulty presents itself just here, for B paid A in counterfeit money, while C paid B by a note. B was indicted for passing counterfeit money. In revenge he had A arrested for stealing the horse, and both went to the pen.

To add to the complications, D, the real owner of the horse, came along and claimed the hide and hoofs. The claim was disputed by C, and consequently upon the ensuing argument C's doctor's bill was \$174. In the mean time a lawyer had gotten hold of the note and tried to collect it. C compromised the matter by licking the lawyer, and grabbing the note tore it up. At present there have been no more developments.

One of the sensations of the turf this season was George E. Smith, who is known as "Pittsburg Phil," the youth full successor of "Plunger" Walton on the race track. He is only 24 years old, of slender build, light blue eyes, and a beardless face. He does not look more than twenty. When he was 14 years old he went to work in a cork factory out in Pittsburg, but he got playing the races more and more until he finally gave up everything else. One of his pool-room acquaintances was a printer on the Pittsburg Dispatch named Fred Mignery, whom everyone knows as "Big Sam," and the two have generally traveled together ever since.

On being asked recently if he didn't think it was about time for him to stop and invest his capital in some legitimate business, he replied, "No; I intend to keep right on. Why should I stop? I am getting rich by it. I find myself betting more and winning easier every day. I have no system of betting, and I seldom make up my mind on a horse until I see him out for the race. Bookmakers' odds never affect me one way or the other. If I want a horse I buy him, no matter what they offer."

"I don't believe in dreams, tips, signs, or superstitions, and never bet a penny on one in my life. Horse racing is business. I believe the best horse wins on respectable tracks—the only ones I go to—in nine cases out of ten, and I back him when I can. I can tell you what any one of the prominent race horses has done in races for six years back, and I know all their pedigrees. My memory is as good as any guide book in that respect. Of course it seems foolish to say it, but picking the winners seems to be getting easier to me all the time."

I think everything concerning racing is as hazardous as the tossing of a penny. This even applies and in many ways to the horse owners who have large fortunes invested in equine flesh.

Dwyer Brothers, of Brooklyn; A. J. Cassatt, of Philadelphia; Capt. S. S. Brown, of Pittsburg; Congressman W. L. Scott, of Erie; "Lucky" Baldwin, of California; August Belmont and Mrs. George L. Lorrillard, of New York; E. J. Corrigan and many others have not only enormous sums of money invested in their thoroughbreds, but are obliged to make expenditures in their care and support that would be ruinous to any but well-filled purses did the season turn out disastrously.

Yet Dwyer Brothers, the butcher boys of Brooklyn, apart from the vicarious conduct of a meat market, which they practically neglect, have no other business than the racing of fast horses, and in that they have half a million dollars invested. The risks they assume are appalling when fairly considered.

Experts say that the average running life of a horse is only ten years, and that but one out of twenty nominated to start on this brief but eventful career amounts to anything among the very rapid races.

Take the case of Tremont. As a two-year-old he won more money and more races consecutively than any race horse that ever lived. If he had come to the post in form this season he stood to win the Dwyers \$10,000, for every three-year-old stake was at his mercy. But he went off a leg and will never run again, having been retired to the stud.

Of course many criticize the Dwyers' severe method of training, and say that they are responsible for the great horse's ruin. But the butcher boys know no sentiment in what to them is simply a business. They run horses to get all the money out of them they can, and when the racers become useless they are promptly retired.

The ruling of the Marquis of Albury off the English turf created quite a sensation in turf circles on both sides of the Atlantic. From information, I have ascertained that the stewards of the Jockey Club at Newmarket, after a searching investigation extending over the last fortnight, on that date announced their decision in the case of the suspicious running of Everette in the Harewood Plate at York, Aug. 25. The result of the inquiry is that the Marquis of Albury, owner of Everette, and John Tyler, his trainer, are warned off Newmarket Heath and all the race courses under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club for life.

The charge against E. Martin, who rode the horse, was dismissed, the Jockey cautioned as to his future conduct. It was proved to the satisfaction of the stewards that Lord Albury, in the presence of Tyler, his trainer, gave orders to Martin not to win the race, but that Martin, finding himself in a prominent position towards the finish, hesitated to carry out his orders, the result being a dead heat.

The stewards further satisfied themselves that similar orders had been given by Lord Albury upon previous occasions. Notices have been served upon Lord Albury and Tyler warning them to keep off Newmarket Heath. Lord Albury is arranging to sell all his house property at Marlborough.

The famous jockey, George Fordham, died recently at Brighton, England, of consumption. Fordham was among the best jockeys that were ever in England. One of his first prominent wins was the Cesarewitch handicap in 1857, when he rode the American-bred Priorious for Mr. Ten Broeck, she winning at 93 pounds after a dead heat with the three-year-old El Hakim, carrying the same weight, and Queen Bess, carrying 66 pounds. There were thirty-four starters that year.

It is said of Fordham that he made but two mistakes in his life. He turned in the saddle to look at Macaroni and he once trusted a French financier. Middle-aged English turfites still draw a deep breath when they tell how, in the Derby of 1863, Chalonier, on Macaroni, came with a rush and Lord Clifton was beaten at the post.

Prof. Harry R. Brick was recently tendered a testimonial at the Athenium Gymnasium, 50 Dearborn street, Chicago, which was a big success.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,
"Police Gazette" Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York.

N. B.—Correspondents will please put their address to their communications.

C. C. H., Boston.—Yes.
W. C. Olean, N. Y.—No.
W. W. Mc., Boston.—No.
W. J., Halifax, N. S.—No.
J. J., Hartford, Conn.—No.
DONALD, San Antonio.—No.
M. S., Harper's Ferry.—No.
L. J. H., New York.—A wins.
M. McD., Austin, Pa.—B wins.
C. B., White Plains, N. Y.—M won.
S. B., Baltimore.—No. 2. 92-5 seconds.
D. McF., New York City.—Twenty-one.
R. R., Webb City, Mo.—New York City.
CONSTANT READER, New York.—Twice.
M. W., New Britain, Conn.—Sixes are high.
H. B. W., Erie, Pa.—We have not the rules.
L. J., Brownville, Texas.—We have not the rules.
L. J., Augusta, Me.—The coin is of no great value.
M. SWENNEY, Mitchell, Cal.—Forty-four years of age.
M. J., Baltimore.—Kilrain is the champion of America.
D. J. H., Port Morris, N. Y.—No. 2. Sixes are high.
S. W. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—Upwards of 300 tons per day.
F. G., Wapeton, Dakota.—The shield is the head on both.
D. K., Shoshon, Idaho.—1. We have not his address. 2. No.
J. L., Dooney Harris and Patsy Marley fought on May 4, 1887.
S. W., Jackson, Miss.—Kilrain and Smith fight January 3, in Spain.
G. R., Lockport, N. Y.—1. Sam Hurst never fought Wm. Perry. 2. Yes.
B. C., Grenada, Miss.—Duncan C. Ross is not over 6 feet in height.
J. R. T., Pittsburg.—We cannot advertise firms who do not advertise.
M. W., Selma, Alabama.—Ten Broeck's time has never been beaten.
Z. Y. L., Madison, Wis.—Send for the "Life of Tug Wilson" to this office.
C. F. L., Keokuk, Iowa.—Dan O'Leary stands 5 feet 7½ inches in height.
M. T. B., Lansdale R. I.—We do not understand your query thoroughly.
G. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Tom Sayers was never beaten by Bob Brette.
C. C., New York.—1. Bill Darts was champion of England in 1764. 2. No.
W. C., Kansas City.—1. No. 2. Kilrain was born in Greenport, N. Y., in 1858.
S. N., Angelen, N. Y.—Dooney Harris was born in London, Eng., in 1831.
PUPIL, New York.—Procure a copy of "The Sporting Man's Companion."
T. Q., Tombstone, Arizona.—Dan Kerrigan was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1835.
S. H., Jersey Shore, Pa.—Chas. Perkins boxed and trained John C. Heenan.
C. M., North Adams, Mass.—Jack Dempsey and Jack Fogarty only fought once.
C. D., Auburn, N. Y.—Yes; Bob Travers and Jem Mace fought once as opponents.
J. A. G., Prescott, Arizona.—B, not having 66 in his hand, can not claim the point.
H. R. W., South Riverside, Cal.—Bet your money on C's chances of winning.
S. J., Norfolk, Va.—It was Doherty and Collier who were to fight near your city.
K. L., San Jose, Cal.—Ben Caunt never fought a battle in the P. R. in this country.
SPORT, Washington, D. C.—1. Yes. 2. Jumbo was the largest elephant in America.
C. B., Black Rock, N. Y.—Fred Archer, the English jockey, was born Jan. 11, 1856.
M. K. L., Havre de Grae.—Bob Brette was born at Portobello, Scotland, Jan. 18, 1833.
P. E., Clairfield, Pa.—John Morrissey was born at Templemore, Ireland, in 1831.
J. W. B., Pottsville, Pa.—Carney's record will be found in the prize ring department.
A READER, Greenleaf, Kan.—Send for "The Champions of the American Prize Ring."
J. L. YEAGER, Strasburg, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Dick & Fitzgerald, Ann street, New York.
W. M., Livingston, Mont.—Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan fought on April 17, 1860.
CONSTANT READER, Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Slade claims that his father was Irish. 2. No.
BAT HOCKING, Telluride, Col.—No; they forfeit the right to draw or play by passing.
R. S., Jersey City.—1. Madison Square Garden. 2. Only met once. 3. McCaffrey won.
R. J., Rochester, N. Y.—It was in 1881 Memento won the Spinaway Stakes at Saratoga.
M. H., St. Catherine's, Can.—Joe Coburn's battle with Ed Price lasted 3 hours 20 seconds.
E. D., Cheyenne.—If you want to enter the Navy apply at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.
B. M., Victoria, B. C.—Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion, never defeated Tom Cribb. 2. No.
M. E., Kinderhook, N. Y.—Write to Cridge & Co., 24 Twenty-eight street, New York City.
D. W., Great Bend, Kansas.—Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, is a native of Toronto, Canada.
LEES BROS., Jamestown, N. Y.—Write to Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.
M. W., Peoria, Ill.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought at Maryland. 2. A wins the wager.
J. W. B., New York City.—Prof. Mike Donovan. A letter addressed to this office will find him.
P. S., Pottsville, Pa.—John L. Sullivan was the first to enter the ring when he fought Paddy Ryan.
F. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. John Morrissey and John C. Heenan were matched to fight in 1858. 2. Yes.
B. O., Selma, Ala.—A wins; you can not claim a forfeit unless articles of agreement have been signed.
A. A., Eastport, Me.—Arthur Chambers did defeat Billy Edwards for the light-weight championship.
RUFUS, Lee, Jefferson Co., Miss.—Your friend loses. Several baseball players have received that amount.
W. A., Richmond, Va.—Tom Sayers held the champion belt of England from June 22, 1857, to April 17, 1860.
J. G. S., Bismarck, Dakota.—Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains a history of the affair.
B. N., Baldridge, Pa.—No. 2. The bet is a trick bet in which B had no chance to win, and we decide it a draw.
C. B., Freeport, Miss.—Send thirty cents to this office for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all records.
W. P., Rosedale, Ind.—John L. Sullivan weighed 195 pounds the day he fought Paddy Ryan for the championship.
J. M., Freehold, Pa.—Edwin Forrest was married in 1837. 2. Dan Donnelly never held the champion belt of England.
J. D., Schenectady, N. Y.—Address secretary of the Young American Cricket Club, care of Record office Philadelphia.
DONALD, Omaha.—1. John C. Heenan never won a battle. 2. He never fought any one in America but John Morrissey.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Bob Brette was defeated by Tom Sayers on Sept. 20, 1859, in 7 rounds, fought in 15 minutes.

R. G., Plain River, Ill.—Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain are to fight according to London prize ring rules without gloves.

M. H., St. Catherine, Canada.—Send your full name and address and we will mail you a "Sporting Man's Companion."

B. B. ADMIRK, Syracuse, N. Y.—The umpire's decision is final and there is no appeal, although both decisions were unfair.

B. M., New York.—Harry E. Dixey loses the \$100. Kilrain and McCaffrey never boxed or fought as opponents, and M wins.

D. K., Big Rapids, Mich.—1. Barry Sullivan is no relation to John L. Sullivan. 2. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis, Mo.—It was on April 29, 1879, that Paddy Ryan and Prof. Wm. Miller boxed with blackened gloves.

W. J. S., Danville, Pa.—1. An amateur must not contend for a money prize. 2. Send for "The Police Gazette Book of Rules."

S. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Jemmy Carney defeated Jimmy Mitchell on June 18, 1857. 2. Tickets were \$100 each to see the fight.

S. A., Bangor, Pa.—Tom Sayers was defeated by Nat Langham.

1. John L. Sullivan had several backers when he fought Paddy Ryan.

L. C., Long Island.—Byran Campbell, who was matched to fight Tom Walling, is the same pugilist who fought Harry Hicken.

S. L., Kansas City, Kan.—Deaf Burke killed Simon Byrne on May 30, 1858, after a severe contest of 99 rounds, lasting 3 hours 6 minutes.

G. W., Almonte, Ontario.—Tom Sayers received the champion belt June 22, 1857, after his victory over the Tipton Slasher, on June 18, 1857.

A. C., Springfield, Mass.—1. In 1858, at Philadelphia, Matt Rusk, the pugilist, did keep a sporting house. 2. On North Fourth street.

C. J. P., Allentown, Pa.—Send 30 cents to this office for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains all such events and sporting statistics.

J. C., Chicago.—On Sept. 5, 1861, Ethan Allen, with his running mate Socks, beat Flora Temple in three straight heats on the Fillion course, L. I.

J. S. COHEN, Brunswick, Ga.—The game may be counted out after taking a trick, but nothing less than 1,000 wins. No difference in three-handled.

G. L., Southboro, Mass.—1. Jem Belcher, the English pugilist, was born at Bristol, Eng., in 1761. 2. He died at London, Eng., on July 30, 1831. 3. Yes.

B. G., Leadville, Col.—Harry Morgan did send forfeit and challenge to this office in 1881. 2. We do not know. Write to John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

M. J. B., Richmond, Va.—A and B having beat C's throw, C has no claim on either first or second prize; A and B throw off the tie for first and second prize.

CHAS. A., Chicago.—Wm. Perry, better known as the "Tipton Slasher," was a game, resolute pugilist, but never possessed any very strong claims to scientific acquirements.

G. S., St. Paul, Minn.—The \$1,000 Richard K. Fox sent to Paddy Ryan to bet in the ring the day he fought John L. Sullivan, Feb. 7, 1882, was covered by Sullivan's friends.

H. P., Big Rapids, Mich.—Tom Sayers was never defeated by Joe Goss. A wins, as they never met in the prize ring. 2. John L. Sullivan measures 44 inches round the chest. 3. No.

J. W., What Cheer, Iowa.—Tom Hyer and Country McCloskey fought on Sept. 9, 1841, to settle an old dispute, 101 rounds were fought, when the battle was given to Hyer.

G. B. C., Fall River.—Nat Langham whipped Tom Sayers in 61 rounds, lasting 2 hours 2 minutes. Sayers was 6 years younger than Langham, the day they fought, but Langham weighed 3 pounds more than Sayers.

D. and P., Ironton, O.—Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan never fought for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. 2. Jake Kilrain offered to fight any man in America for the trophy, and no one agreeing to meet him, Richard K. Fox handed the belt over to Kilrain to defend against all comers.

S. M., Selma, Ala.—1. Teddy McAuliffe, the "Butcher Boy," and Johnny McCabe fought at Weehawken, N. J., Sept. 9, 1861. McAuliffe won in 130 rounds, lasting 2 hours 35 minutes. 2. Teddy McAuliffe and Billy Kelly fought a draw at Jamaica, L. I., Aug. 28, 1866. Fifty-five rounds were fought in 1 hour 32 minutes.

H. M. J., Baltimore.—Dick Wood, of Barrytown, N. Y., is a native of Ireland, born in the County Waterford. Emigrated to this country in the year 1847. He brought with him on the vessel a pair of Irish birds, a cock and hen, which were presented to him by the Marquis of Waterford, as he was in his service on the other side. From the eggs of the above hen were hatched and raised a family of invincible gamblers. He has bred game fowls yearly, from the above date and sold the same to parties in all the prominent cities in this country, and possesses a record of the hundreds sold by him, that were matched and fought, not a single one ran or flew from the pit; also, of the large number he handled and pitted in forty years, he declares never lost a battle. He recently sold his entire stock and retired from the business with the most wonderful history in the fraternity.

M. J. D., Omaha.—The following is a record of the battles fought by Tom Sayers: He beat George Sims, 250 to 225, 4 rounds, 5 minutes, Longreach, Feb. 28, 1854; beat Harry Poulson 2100, 100 rounds, 3 hours 8 minutes, Appleton, Jan. 29, 1856; fought Aaron Jones, 2300, 62 rounds, 3 hours, banks of Medway, darkness, Jan. 6, 1857; beat Aaron Jones, 2400, 3 hours, 85 rounds, banks of Medway, Feb. 19, 1857; beat Bill Perry, 2400, 10 rounds, 1 hour 42 minutes, Isle of Grain, June 16, 1857; beat Bill Benja, 2400, 3 rounds, 6½ minutes, Isle of Grain, Jan. 4, 1858; beat Tom Paddock, 2300, 21 rounds, 1 hour 2 minutes, Canary Island, June 16, 1858; beat Bill Benja, 2400, 11 rounds, 22 minutes, near Ashford, April 5, 1859; at Etchingham, England, Sept. 20, 1859, Sayers fought the renowned Bob Brette for 2000, Sayers' backers wagering 2400 to Brette's 2200; Brette stood 5 feet 7½ inches, weighed 144 pounds and was seven years Tom's junior; Brette had fought Malpas and Jack Jones and beat Roger Coyne, Sam Simmonds, Bob Cobley and Tom Travers; the fight was a short and desperate one; Sayers gained first blood and Brette won first knock down in the fourth round by countering Sayers heavily on the jaw; seven rounds were contested, when Brette dislocated his right shoulder and Sayers was declared the winner; Alec Keene and Jem Hodgkins seconded Brette, while McDonald and Brunton seconded Sayers; Brette was no match for Sayers; the latter's great victories over Perry, Benjamin, Paddock and Brette had caused him to be looked on as next to invincible and at one time it appeared as if he would be allowed to become the possessor of the champion belt.

C. C. S., Goshen, Ind.—1. A royal flush is a sequence of five cards of one suit beginning with ace high. 2. Yes. 3. Jake Kilrain claimed the title of champion from John L. Sullivan, through the latter's refusal to accept Kilrain's challenge when Richard K. Fox posted \$1,000 with the New York Clipper and challenged Sullivan to fight Kilrain for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the heavy-weight championship of the world. The following is Kilrain's record: Jake Kilrain was born in Greenport, N. Y., on Feb. 8, 1856. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 180 pounds. He gained his first notoriety as a pugilist in 1880, when he knocked out Dangerous Jack, of New York, in 3 rounds. On March 19, 1883, he defeated Pete McCoy at Sullivan's benefit in Boston. In April he bested John Allen in a 4-round glove contest. The following month he met and easily vanquished George Godfrey, the heavy colored pugilist, in 3 rounds. In October, 1883, Kilrain met Jem Goode, the newly-arrived English pugilist, and after fighting 6 rounds the referee decided it a draw, but admitted Kilrain to have had the best of it all through the contest. Kilrain has had several friendly set-toes with John L. Sullivan. The champion has always declared Kilrain is the best man he ever faced. He is game, quick, active and a powerful hitter. He fought a draw with Charley Mitchell at Boston on March 24, 1884. Kilrain also met Mike Cleary in a similar contest in Madison Square Garden on June 26, 1884. Billy Edwards was referee and declared the contest a draw. Kilrain also boxed William Sheriff, the Prussian, at Cambridge, Mass. The conditions were 4 rounds, Queensberry rules, and Kilrain had decidedly the best of the encounter, and could have knocked Sheriff out if he had desired to do so. He also defeated Jerry Murphy, the Bangor giant; Alf Greenfield, who flourished as champion of England; Jack Burke, Jack Ashton, the winner of a dozen battles, fought a draw, 1 round, with Frank Herald, and whipped Joe Lannon, whom every sporting man of Boston, except Jim Keenan, looked upon as the best man next to Sullivan.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Frank Herald, the well-known heavy-weight boxer, has opened a first-class sporting house at 817 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Charley McCarty is now in training for a fight with Jimmy Mitchell. This will be Mitchell's first appearance in the ring since he was defeated by Jim Carney. If McCarty wins the battle his backers will be prepared to pit him against the winner of the McAuliffe-Carney battle.

It is announced that Harry Phillips, a well-known millionaire sportsman of this city, will manage John L. Sullivan's European trip, the profits to be equally divided. The champion, after touring the English provinces and Ireland, will go to the Continent and thence to Australia.

On Oct. 17, the Brooklyn heavy-weight pugilists, Jim Flynn and Jack Fallon had another meeting and again failed to agree upon the terms of their proposed fight. Fallon said he would put up \$500, and Flynn said that wasn't worth his while. He couldn't afford to neglect his saloon business to train for \$500. He wanted to fight for \$1,000 a side. They will make another attempt on Friday to come to terms.

At Duluth, recently, Pat Killean said he was anxious to meet Patsy Cardiff in a 15-round fight, Marquis of Queensberry rules. Since that time he has publicly challenged him. Cardiff replies to him by saying that he will only fight Killean according to London prize ring rules and to a finish. Killean is yet to be heard from on this matter. Cardiff's proposition is fair and it is the only way to settle who is the best man.

Warren Lewis, the well-known sporting man, has, during the past two months, been trying to make the Casino at Hoboken, N. J., the paradise for exponents at boxing. Week after week he has put his shoulder to the wheel and engaged several of the champions to contend in fist rivalry, and the contests have been so interesting that the Casino now is nightly the scene of several first-class genuine boxing matches.

At Boston, on Oct. 17, N. D. Sullivan, the temporary stakeholder in the international prize fight between Jimmy Carney, England's light-weight champion, and Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion of America, met representatives of the two pugilists, and paid the \$4,500 held by him over to the new stakeholder, a well-known Boston sporting man, in their presence. Mr. Sullivan had his receipt returned to him, but no receipts were taken from the final stakeholder, who looked the money up in his safe, until Frank Stevenson, of New York, the referee, gives his decision. As the case now stands there will have to be a fight or a forfeit. Carney, who returned from New York, will go into training.

The fist encounter between Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, the middle-weight champion, and Johnny Reagan, of New York, for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship of America, will be decided in the month of December. Great interest is already manifested over the affair and judging from the confidence of both men's partisans there will be a large amount of money wagered on the result. Dempsey, of course, will enter the ring a heavy favorite, and he should be on his reputation, for he has fought more battles than Reagan, and his opponents, that is, the majority of them, have been first-class men. Reagan, on the other hand, has demonstrated, time and again, that he is a clever, plucky boxer, and although he is overmatched he will make a great battle with Dempsey the day they meet in the ring. Reagan is confident he will be returned the winner on the day of the fight, but the month of December will decide the question.

Billy Madden had an argument with Henry Dixey, of "Adonis," regarding McAuliffe and Carney, Sullivan and Kilrain. Dixey said it was his idea for Sullivan to fight two men in one day, 6 hours intervening. John F. Donnelly, manager of the Academy of Music, asked Dixey if Sullivan had a double stomach to fight two men and said that he would bet Dixey \$5,000 that Madden could find two men to lick Sullivan although the best man was out of the country now, Jack Kilrain. Dixey asked Madden who Kilrain ever fought. Madden answered that Kilrain had defeated just as good men as Sullivan, and asked Dixey who did Sullivan whip? Dixey said that McCaffrey bested Kilrain and Madden said they never met. Dixey then bet Madden \$100 that McCaffrey did box Kilrain. The matter was left to the N. Y. Daily News to decide. This is what the News published Oct. 17: "Saturday night, in an argument with Billy Madden, Manager Dixey wagered \$100 that Dominick McCaffrey once conquered Jack Kilrain. McCaffrey went to Boston once to meet Kilrain for a purse. After the Pittsburgh boxer reached Boston and caught a glance of Kilrain he decided that the purse offered by the Crib Club was not large enough. James Keenan then handed Kilrain \$1,000, and when McCaffrey and his manager were going back to New York Kilrain found McCaffrey in a saloon and said: 'McCaffrey, you came here to fight, and I do not want you to go back without a match.' 'The purse the Crib Club offers is not worth fighting for,' said McCaffrey. 'I will fight you, then, for this,' said Kilrain, placing the two \$500 bills on the bar. McCaffrey said, 'Wait until I see what you make me say.' McCaffrey left and Kilrain waited, but McCaffrey never returned."

At Ashland, Wis., on Oct. 15, the long-pending glove fight between Mike Conley, the Itasca Giant, backed by John D. Hayes, the well-known sporting man, and O. H. Smith, the champion of Nebraska, was settled in a business-like manner. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, and about 100 persons paid to witness the battle. Mike Donnelly was referee. Danny Needham seconded Smith and Charley Gleason Conley, but their tasks were not arduous, as the result of the battle shows. Pat Varley and Dr. Gregory were the time-keepers. The gloves, said to be four ounces, were handed to Chief of Police Schwartz, who examined them with a critical eye and returned them to Mr. Hayes with a nod of satisfaction which brought a yell from the crowd, which was supplemented by "Bully boy Schwartz" from a deep bass voice. Following this the referee stepped to the edge of the stage and announced the conditions of the match, which were that there were to be six rounds of three minutes each, and one minute to rest between each. The man who should be knocked down and fall to get up at the end of ten seconds would be declared defeated. He then introduced the principals to the audience, after which they shook hands. The word "time" had barely left the lips of the referee before the Ashland man had thrown his whole weight upon Smith. The blow was made in one mighty effort to knock out his man from the start and the effect was Sullivan-like, for Smith showed the white feather almost from that very moment. Both men clinched, but were separated, when, whirling to the left, Conley got in a daisy cutter under Smith's ear that sent him into the ropes and at the feet of a member of the common council. Untangling himself he came at Conley and made about his only effort to fight, but was slugged right and left and sent to grass twice by crushing blows in the right place. Both men looked arms and waded into each other until time was called.

ROUND 2—Smith went into his corner rather groggy, and, despite the efforts of his friends to back him up with words of encouragement, there was everything to indicate that he was bested when the men were called from their corners. Conley kept up his tactics of the first round, forcing the fighting from the start, sending the sledgehammer blows showering upon the head of his adversary in a manner that astonished the Smith partisans. Smith was on the floor most of the time, hanging to the legs of his opponent. He once succeeded in bringing Conley to the floor, but they were soon upon their feet. One frightful blow, swiftly followed by another, fell thick and fast upon Smith, who vainly tried to avoid them. Both were upon their knees, then up again, but Conley escaped every lunge his less selected opponent made, and sent him sprawling upon the floor. After Smith had been given two or three more blows on the "kisser," a "stem whacker" on the jaw and a tap on the "beak," he was unable to put up his "stikes," and fell to the floor—stiff. He couldn't move within the required 10 seconds, and the fight was

declared won by Conley amidst deafening applause. Smith was led to his corner, as thoroughly a whipped man as ever put a foot in an 18-foot ring.

There has been a misunderstanding between John Fleming, the English champion's manager, and Charley Mitchell in connection with the international prize fight between Kilrain and Smith. Fleming did not like the idea of Kilrain and Mitchell retaining the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and claims that Smith should have the prize ring championship trophy for a limited period to exhibit as well as Kilrain. Mitchell refused to give up the belt or deposit it at the Sporting Life office until thirty days prior to the fight. Fleming claimed that Mitchell had nothing to do with the belt when he informed Fleming that he was Kilrain's manager. Fleming informed Mitchell that Richard K. Fox had informed him that his representative to arrange all the details of the match was Wm. E. Harding and that he desired to know whether it was the latter or Mitchell. Oct. 18 Richard K. Fox received the following cable:

LONDON, Oct. 18, 1887.
Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York:
Who will be your representative in the international prize fight between Smith and Kilrain, Charley Mitchell or Wm. E. Harding? What should be done with "Police Gazette" diamond belt Kilrain retains?
JOHN FLEMING.
As soon as the cable was received the following was sent in reply:
NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1887.

John Fleming, Manager Jim Smith, care of Sporting Life, London, England:

My representative to arrange all matters satisfactory to bring off the international prize fight without any hitch, will be William E. Harding. He will sail on the Servia November 12. He will act in conjunction with Kilrain and Mitchell to bring off the fight in a fair and straightforward way. According to rules governing the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, Kilrain can retain it until thirty days prior to the fight, when it must be placed in custody of Sporting Life to be handed to the winner, to be held according to rules. Regards to Kilrain, Mitchell and yourself.
RICHARD K. FOX.

Billy Dacey and Frank White, the light-weight pugilists, fought four rounds in the Casino in Hoboken, N. J., on Oct. 17. Dacey won after a hard battle, giving White his first defeat. They had had it in for one another for several years back, and they came together looking for blood. Both were fine as silk, and they fought wickedly from beginning to end, but that White was no match for the lad that gave champion Jack Dempsey a 4-round race was apparent early in the fight. The gloves were too large to permit any cutting, but White's mouth and nose were knocked out of contour.

ROUND 1—Dacey led with his left for the stomach and landed clean, sending White back several feet; then he smashed him plump on the nose. White attempted a counter with the right, which Dacey cleverly ducked. Dacey led again, getting in on the nose, and White countered heavily on the shoulder. Then they closed in and had a sharp rally at half arms, using both hands on the ribs with telling effect. Dacey stepped away, feinted, and then smashed White on the mouth, sending him on the ropes. This nettled White, who rushed Dacey into his corner. There Dacey drove a swinging left hander flush in White's face knocking his head half way up. Another rally at close quarters ended the round.

2—Dacey sent his left on White's forehead. It was a straight, clean hit. White tried a rush, but Dacey jabbed him with his left on the nose, sending him back. He followed White up, and swinging the left, landed on his mouth, causing his lips to puff up like a sponge. It was hot fighting, and White was getting weak. Once, twice, three times went Dacey's left on his face, the last one lifting White clean off his legs. The ropes caught him as he fell. It was Dacey's fight from this out, and he set in to whip his man. White was game, and tried to turn the tide, but Dacey out fought him at every point.

3—Dacey went for White with a straight lead for the stomach and landed a hot one. White tried to counter, but Dacey ducked. Then he rushed at Dacey. The latter met him. White clinched. They looked for an instant, then Dacey broke the hold, and showing White away led with a good, straight left on the face, sending White on the ropes. The rebound sent him back half way across the stage. White rushed for a clinch, but Dacey met him again with a left-hand upper cut full in the face that very nearly ended the fight. White wouldn't give in, and rushing in hugged Dacey, and they pegged away at half arms until the call of time.

4—Dacey knew he had his man, and went in and fought for all he was worth. Leading, he caught White on the nose, and then following, forced him into his own corner, where he punished him severely. White tried to clinch to save himself. Getting out of the corner he rushed Dacey up against the back of the stage. Dacey shoved him away and sent a terrible left hander into his face. White was very weak, but he held on, and by clinching he managed to pull through the round.

Referee Joe Denning decided Dacey the winner.

In regard to the international prize fight for the championship of the world, Planet, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, writes as follows:

LONDON, Oct. 12, 1887.

The great international prize fight between Jack Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America, and Jim Smith, the champion of England, is beginning to be the principal topic of conversation in sporting circles in London, Manchester and Birmingham. Since the leading professors of boxing, Donnelly and Mullins, have announced that the American champion is to use his language—a good 'un, and a better man than they had the least idea, Kilrain has found a host of followers, even among members of the Pelican Club, the members of which are finding the stakes for Smith. Many are going to witness the battle, so they claim, but it is very doubtful if one-half who offer to bet ponies they will see the fight ever reach the trying place, if the arrangements made are carried out strictly to the letter, for each side is to be allowed fifty men and the tickets will be £50 each, which will keep many of the keepers of sporting drums away, even if they are accepted as proper persons and no objections made against them by either Richard K. Fox's representative or John Fleming, Smith's aide de camp. Judging from the movements at the Sporting Life office, the majority of those who will go to the fight will be a few distinguished Americans and a sprinkling of the nobility, including Sir John Astley, the Marquis of Queensberry, and other distinguished noblemen and members of the great Pelican. Kilrain was misrepresented before he arrived here and many expected to see in the American champion, a big, coarse, ungainly country lout, with a big, coarse twang of "I calculate," and "I guess I will walk the English champion out of his boots," but they were mistaken, for when they saw Kilrain they saw a well-dressed, muscular-looking and very intelligent specimen of humanity, of gentlemanly deportment, and lacking the coarse, uncouth vernacular of the general run of prize fighters. The Marquis of Queensberry pronounced him a brilliant fellow, and even the members of the Pelican, who are putting up the stakes for the English champion, were surprised (that the pugilist who comes to this country as champion of America, and carries the "Police Gazette" diamond belt as a badge of office to prove he is such) at his quiet, unpretentious way, and no doubt if he were in need of backing, and did not have the leading backer of pugilism and all athletic sports in the United States, Richard K. Fox, the Pelican club would try to fill the gap. After the debut and appearance of the American champion, at St. James Hall, and the display of his great muscular development, those who had judged that Kilrain was a far-off champion, have changed their opinions, and many who will not stand Smith now offer to accept the odds offered by Smith's admirers. Judging from the betting market, no matter whether the sporting men who are coming from the land of Stars and Stripes back the American champion or not, before the day arrives for what every one believes will be a great battle, Kilrain will have plenty of supporters and there will not be the odds of 3 to 1 on Smith which is now the market price at Tattersall's. The followers of the prize ring from the time Tom King whipped Jim Mace and defeated John C. Heenan, and the new supporters of the prize ring in this city, Birmingham and Manchester firmly believe that Kilrain's display with Charley Mitchell was not the American champion's true form. But that he is a far better man than the best critics have the least idea of and moreover the best judges think Kilrain filled the position of a jockey sometimes is compelled to ride by orders. Jim Mace thinks Kilrain is like a new hat which only needs fitting and compressing into proper shape to make the greatest and truest fit any championship ever had.

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

Patsy Kerrigan is out with a challenge to fight Jimmy Carrol of Holyoke.

Johnny Reilly, the well-known boxer, has opened a boxing school at 23 Bleeker street, New York.

Samuel Sterling, of Bridgeport, Conn., has started in an attempt to propel a bicycle to New Orleans.

Would like to know the whereabouts of Jack Williams, formerly of Chrysler and Williams. Send address to F. J. Chrysler, POLICE GAZETTE office.

Prof. Geo. Siler of Chicago (formerly of this city), the well-known boxer, will be tendered a grand ball by the West Side Athletic and Pleasure Club of Chicago, at Apollo Hall, in that city in November.

Advices from Sydney, New South Wales, state that William Beach and Edward Hanlan are in strict training for their single-scutt race for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Betting is two to one on Beach.

The Custom House authorities seized the "Police Gazette" diamond belt at Liverpool, and Kilrain and Mitchell had to pay seven guineas duty before they were allowed to put the now historical trophy on exhibition.

Mike Boden, of Philadelphia, and Bill Gabig, of Pittsburgh, fought with gloves at Wilmington, Del., on Oct. 17. Gabig broke his arm during the contest. Boden had the advantage up to the time the accident occurred.

The glove fight at the Casino, at Hoboken, Oct. 22, was a terrible battle, between Harry Langton of New York and Warren Lewis' Unknown, two heavy-weights. It was hammer and tongs from the word go. Four rounds were fought. Frank Allen, the referee, declared the battle a draw.

At Worcester, Mass., on Oct. 20, Charles Dobeys, the wrestler, came off a victor in a wrestling contest with Dan Connors, a local boxer and athlete. The contest was best two in three for a purse of \$50 a side. Mythel J. O'Keefe was the master of ceremonies and Thomas Doon was the referee.

The well-known and popular James E. Sullivan, the president of the Pastime Athletic Club, was recently presented with a heavy gold watch and chain by the members of the club, as a token of their appreciation of the way he has promoted athletics. The watch bears an elegant inscription.

A number of visitors from Haverhill, Mass., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week, and after inspecting the entire building, departed highly pleased with the vast extent of establishment. Among them were J. H. Conner, J. B. Conner, F. H. Wyman, J. S. Fuller and Lyman L. Worthen.

Harry Gilmore, ex-champion light-weight pugilist of Canada, and Billy Myers, champion light-weight of Illinois, had a bloody fight to a finish at St. Croix, near the Minnesota State line, on Oct. 19. Gilmore was knocked out in the fifth round, and Myers took the \$3,000 stakes. Some \$4,000 changed hands.

The Fall meeting of the Memphis Jockey Club is ended. A meeting of owners of horses who had entries in the stakes to be run during the Fall meeting of the club was held yesterday, and this course resolved on, on account of the death of the president of the club, Henry A. Montgomery. The latter was well known in this city and much respected.

Punch Vaughn, an English light-weight pugilist, made his first appearance in an American ring at the Athenaeum Club, in Boston, on Oct. 13, and was knocked out. His adversary was James Godfrey, of Boston, a brother of George Godfrey, the colored champion middle-weight of America. Among the spectators were John L. Sullivan and Jim Carney.

Should Kilrain succeed in conquering Jim Smith, the British champion, and retain the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, he will receive, with his share of the ticket money, about \$15,000. This is a sum well worth battling for; besides, look at the money he will receive from exhibitions after the contest, if he is successful.

At Meriden, Conn., on Oct. 22, the 27 hours' walking match for the championship belt of Connecticut, which has been twice won by Alfred Elson, the contestants were Elson, of Meriden, and Darrow, Boardman and Joyce, of New London. Score at 3 P. M.: Elson, 101 miles 12 laps; Boardman, 90 miles 5 laps; Darrow, 68 miles 11 laps; Joyce, 65 miles 12 laps.

Matsada Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" Japanese wrestler, left the other night for Buffalo. He has been engaged to meet all comers at catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman wrestling during the week. He said he offers \$25 to any one whom he cannot throw in 15 minutes, and to the one who can throw him in that time he offers \$200. Billy Muldoon and Dennis Gallagher will each have a try at him.

The following explains itself:

To the Sporting Editor:
DEAR SIR—I hereby accept W. E. Gibbs' proposition to wrestle Greco-Roman style for \$250 and net gate receipts. I will sign articles of agreement and post money as soon as articles are received. Match to take place at Muskegon, Mich., on Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1887.

MATSADA SORAKICHI.

Recently B. A. Bartlett, of Randolph, N. Y., at a distance of 25 feet, hit common white beans, holding his rifle in various positions while firing. He split in two a postal card that was set up edgewise. Using a 22-caliber ball he shot through a 22-caliber pistol barrel, the bullet splitting on a knife blade at the further end of the revolver barrel, and each half of the bullet breaking an egg. He ignited a parlor match held by a person at the target stand, knocked the ashes from cigars and concluded by shooting beans from the nose of a friend.

The "Star," New York, Oct. 21, says: "William E. Harding, who is going to represent Richard K. Fox in the great international prize fight between Jack Kilrain, the American champion, and Jim Smith, was born in Toronto, Canada, of Irish parents, and is a nephew of Ned Neale, the once famous Irish pugilist. Ned Neale, better known as the Streatheam Youth, was a famous heavy-weight pugilist, who fought eighteen battles, won eleven and lost three, and received forfeit from Ned Baldwin. He beat Ned Baldwin, Tom Cannon, Jim Burn, Ned Gaynor, Dave Hudson and Jack Nichols, and was one of the greatest Irish pugilists who ever stood in the prize ring."

At Philadelphia, on Oct. 19, the Princeton College football team scored an easy victory over the eleven of the University of Pennsylvania, winning by 61 points to 0. The game was well played, but at all times the Princeton men had the advantage, their superior weight keeping the ball in Pennsylvania's grounds. The teams were as follows: Princeton—Rushers Left and Spler, '89; Church, '88; Cowan, '88; George, '89; Janeway, '90; Irvine, '88; Black, '88. Quarter back, Hancock, '88. Half back, Price, '88. Captain, Payne, '91. Full back, Ames. Pennsylvania—Captain, Mirl, '88; Dewey, '88; Speath, '88; W. S. Graham, M. S.; Sypher, '90; Zelger, M. S., and Ross, '88. Quarter back, Hulme, '89. Half back, Colladay, '91 (Windsor). Full back, Graham.

At Boston, on October 21, the long pending glove fight, between Joe Lannon of South Boston and Billy Mahoney's Western unknown, Jim Grady, was decided. The contest was announced to be for 10 rounds for a purse of \$750, gotten up by friends of the contestants, the winner to receive \$500. Lannon was victorious in seven well fought rounds, completely knocking his opponent out. William Daly, Jr., was the referee. Previous to the contest both men tipped the beam at 160 pounds. Lannon's seconds were his brother Jim and Johnny Murphy. James Powers, the runner, performed a like office for Grady. Lannon was in the pink of condition and appeared confident, while the "unknown" evidently was too fat to do good work and lacked heart. Lannon was awarded the fight and purse.

At Mount Vernon, on Oct. 22, the Spartan carriers held a cross-country race. At 4 o'clock eight lightly-clad athletes were sent off on their journey. The sharp wind whistled merrily as they ran northward on the trails which had been plentifully laid out for them by Chas. Reifner, who started half an hour before to lay out a course. From the start, the old distance runner, C. Henzman, led at a terrific pace, and was followed by the rest of the field, who thought that he would be beaten in the end. The trail led through Pelhamville to New Rochelle, and thence south toward Mount Vernon. On the home run every effort was made to overhaul the leader, but, although he was exhausted, he won by 10 yards. W. Lewis Frensdentel second, J. L. Cook third, and George Reimer, A. J. Mitchell, E. F. Hanbold and W. E. Knox in the order named. The distance, over 9 miles, was run in 1 hour 9 minutes 29 1/2 seconds.

On Oct. 21 Billy Dacey finished his engagement at the Casino, Hoboken, N. J., in a glove contest with Jack Lane, the light-weight champion of Troy. Lane was vicious, and let drive some savage lunges that would have floored a bigger man than Dacey had they reached home. Dacey watched his opportunities well, and continually smashed Lane full in the face. Lane is a willing fellow, and at the end of the first round, though he was hit hard and often, he went to his corner smiling. Dacey went at him savagely in the second round. Getting in a hot one on the stomach, he brought Lane to his knees. The third round was sharp and decisive. Dacey played Lane very cleverly. At first flushing him in the face with both hands, until he got an opening for a right-handed swing, he then let go. The blow caught Lane on the side of the head and knocked him against the back wall of the stage. Before he could recover Dacey sent him home the right, landing low down on the jaw. It sent Lane down in a heap, head foremost. He lay on the floor insensible, and the fight was given to Dacey.

The first deposit of \$1,000, posted by Richard K. Fox when he offered to back Jack Kilrain to fight Jim Smith for \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, and the \$1,000 sent over by the English champion's backer, when the articles of agreement were signed and the great match ratified, were yesterday (October 25) forwarded by the New York Clipper, who were temporary stakeholders, to the Sporting Life, London, who are final stakeholders in the match. The following is the document sent to the backer of Kilrain, which explains:

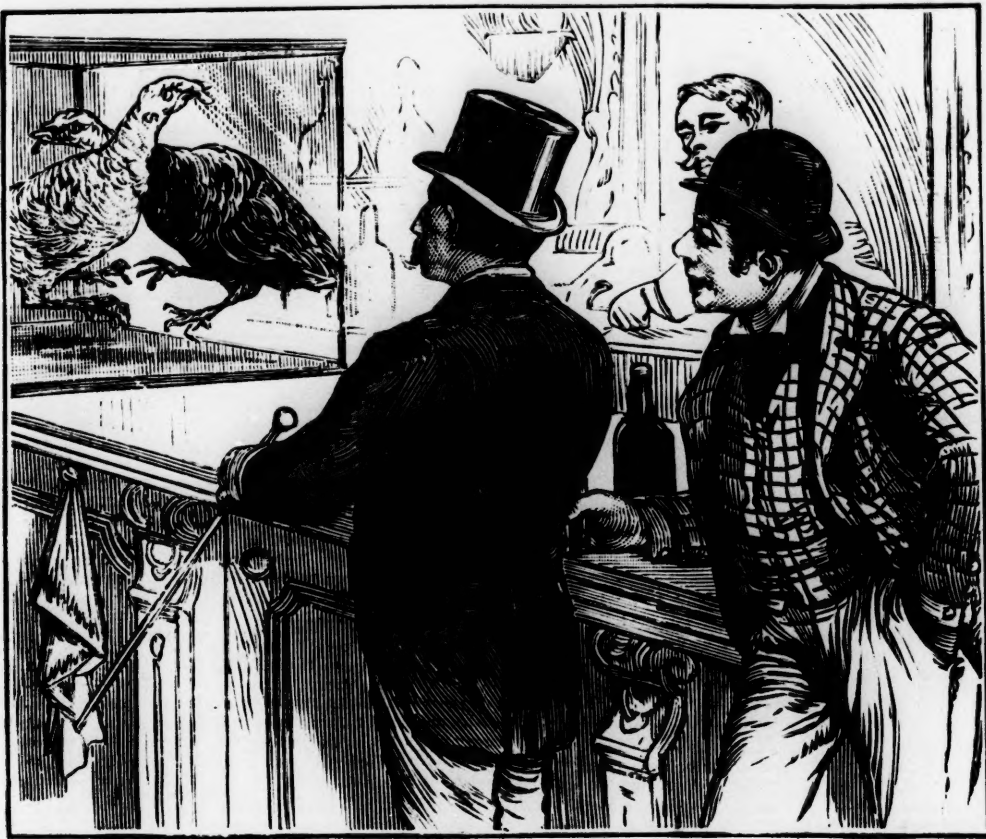
NEW YORK, Oct. 24, 1887.
Mr. Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR: We have sent draft, amount \$2,000, posted at this office for the Kilrain and Smith match, to the Sporting Life, London. Sent to-day. Yours truly,
FRANK QUEEN PUBLISHING CO. (Limited),
G. M. KEIL.

When the Toronto Rowing Club's senior four won the championship of United States at Chautauqua this season, and followed up this success by easily securing the Canadian championship at Ottawa, there was a well-defined feeling, not only among the club members, but among outsiders as well, that the crew should be sent to England in 1888. It was felt that the crew's performance amply justified the belief that it would be able to repeat its brilliant victories in English waters, and so enthusiastic were some gentlemen over the project that they at once took it up. Liberal subscriptions were promised by these gentlemen, but others argued that it was an inopportune time to boom the scheme. There was plenty of time, so the latter contended, to consider the matter and arrange the necessary details. Within the past week the subject has again been taken up, and, with a view of ascertaining their opinion, a reporter of this city interviewed several of the club members. All viewed the invasion favorably and claimed the club was unanimous on the point. The crew are willing to go, and the only difficulty is to raise the funds necessary for their expenses. The matter will come up for consideration shortly at a meeting of the club, and it seems most probable that the club's champion crew will be found next year battling for aquatic honors on the Thames.

In a stable at East Newark, N. J., on Oct. 22, John Fox, of Chicago, and Hugh Coyne, of Newark, fought to a finish inside of 5 minutes. No admission was charged, but contributions were received from the 200 onlookers. The fight was with bare knuckles, ostensibly for \$500. Johnny Mack, of Newark, called time. Frank Cavanagh, who would not fight John Martin last week for \$21 gate money, was second for Fox, while Martin was second for Coyne. Fox is a strapping big fellow. He weighs 150 pounds, and stands nearly 6 feet high in his boots. Coyne is 3 inches shorter, but weighs only 130 pounds. Both were clad in the most approved fighting rig. They just touched hands and sailed in. Fox got in the first telling blow, which caught Coyne on the side of the head. Then the slugging began. Fox had all the best of it. He fought Coyne all over the ring. Many of his blows were well parried, but others landed heavily on Coyne's neck, chest and face. At the end of the round Coyne was spent, and Fox was seemingly as fresh as when he went in. In opening the second round Coyne hit Fox a facer which seemed to call up all his latent energy and made his hitherto smiling face look stern. He forced the fighting, and driving Coyne into the corner, stretched him flat on his back with a blow on the jugular vein. It was a knock-out blow, and Coyne remained dizzy all the evening from its effects. He was apparently unconscious when time was called for the third round, and Charlie Grimes, of Newark, handed over the contributed money to Fox.

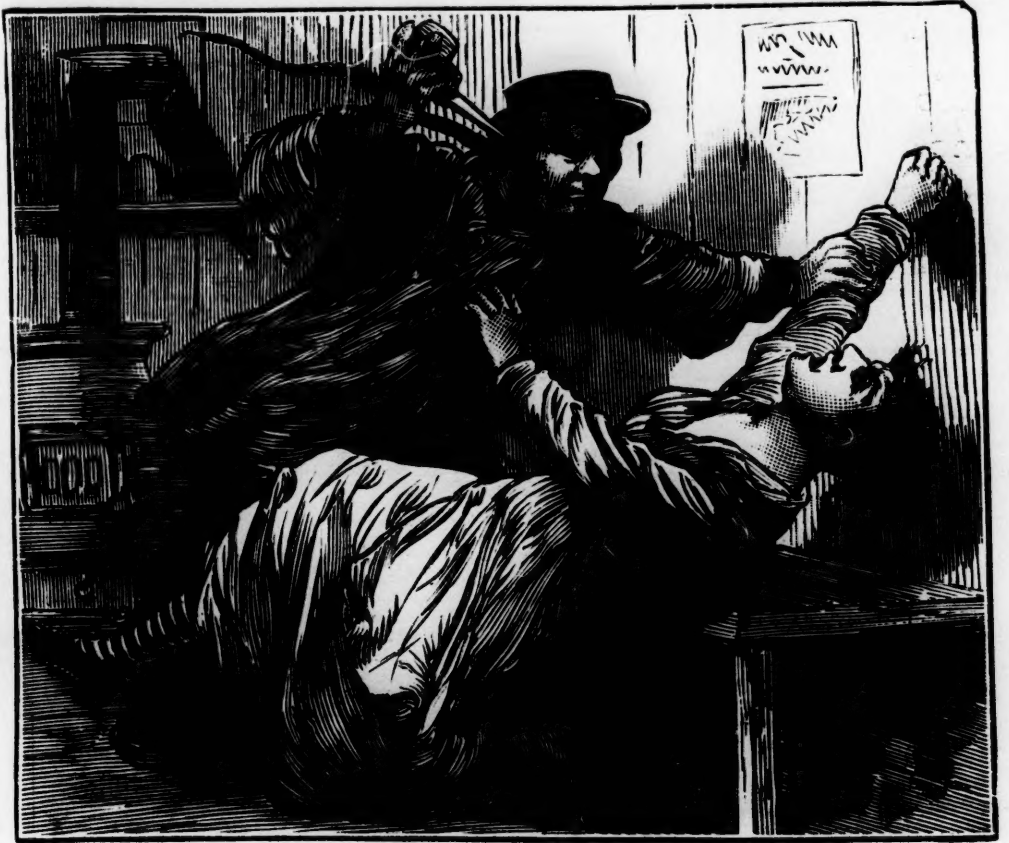
One of the rising heavy-weight boxers of this country is John W. Fallon, the Brooklyn giant. At all times he is ready to fight all comers, and he backs up his opinion with money. Fallon was born in Brooklyn, Dec. 1, 1868, and is therefore in his nineteenth year, stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 185 pounds in condition. His first fight was against James Maugher, at Flatbush, June 15, 1884, 8 rounds, soft gloves, police interfered. At Mike Donovan's sporting house in Brooklyn, N. Y., he subsequently whipped Mike McAuliffe in 1 round; Frank B. Patterson, of New York, in 4 rounds, and Pat Brennan in 3 rounds, for gold and silver trophies. At the annual boxing competitions under the auspices of the New York Athletic Club, at Tammany Hall, New York city, March 28, Fallon won the heavy-weight championship by defeating George Lambert in 4 rounds. July 11, at Mike Donovan's, Brooklyn, he stopped Tom Kelly in 2 rounds for a gold watch. His first appearance as a professional was against Alf Powers, at East New York, Nov. 25, 1885. The police interfered after 7 fierce rounds had been fought with hard gloves, mostly in Fallon's favor. Feb. 9 fought a 5-round draw, off hand, with Johnny Banks, the colored champion. At the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, March 22 to 27, defeated Roger McCluskey, Danny Kelleher, New York, Jack Dougherty, May 2, at Clarendon Hall, New York, bested Jack Smith, in 4 rounds. Fallon was brought before the public by the veteran middle-weight pugilist, Mike Donovan, who predicts that Fallon will take rapid strides to the front of the heavy-weight class. He is a terrific hitter and quick and clever for a heavy man.

The first boxing entertainment of the Manhattan Athletic Club, took place at the club house, 524 Fifth avenue, on Oct. 22. Admittance to this entertainment was limited to members of the club. The attendance was large, the capacious club house being filled with members. The boxing was first-class and the affair was voted success by all present. Mr. H. E. Burnmyer acted as referee. Messrs. McEwan and Turnbull as judges. Mr. G. A. Avery as timer, Mr. W. J. Swan as master of ceremonies, and Mr. G. A. White as assistant master of ceremonies. The 4-round bout between Jack Kenny, of New York city, the feather-weight who fought Billy Davis three times, and W. A. Halligan, of the Nassau Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, was a slashing one. Each received staggering right handers in the opening round. There was some great hitting in the second and third rounds, Halligan getting in the most effective blows and stopping or evading the counters. Both were dazed for a second by right-hand hits on the jaws in the fourth round, but Halligan did some good left-hand work, and the judges gave the decision to him. One of the best contests seen in a long time was the one between Billy Davis, of Harlem, and Benny McGill, of New York city. McGill did all the leading, and had away the best of the first three rounds, bleeding Davis from under the left ear and escaping with only a nose under his own right eye. Davis got to work with his right on the ribs and evened up matters in the fourth round, while he almost fought McGill to a standstill in the fifth round, though McGill got in some blows that were dangerously near to being knockouts. McGill did most of the leading in the last round, and landed often and hard with his left, but Davis fought him to the ropes once. McGill landed two good face hits just as time was called. The referee decided in favor of McGill.



DANCING TURKEYS.

HOW A SMART BUT INHUMAN PHILADELPHIA BARTENDER AMUSES HIS CUSTOMERS WITH THE PERFORMANCES OF UNEDUCATED POULTRY.



AH GUNG'S CRUEL CRIME.

HOW A VILLAINOUS CHINAMAN BARBAROUSLY MURDERED HIS WHITE MISTRESS AFTER A NEW FASHION IN ALTA, ILLINOIS.



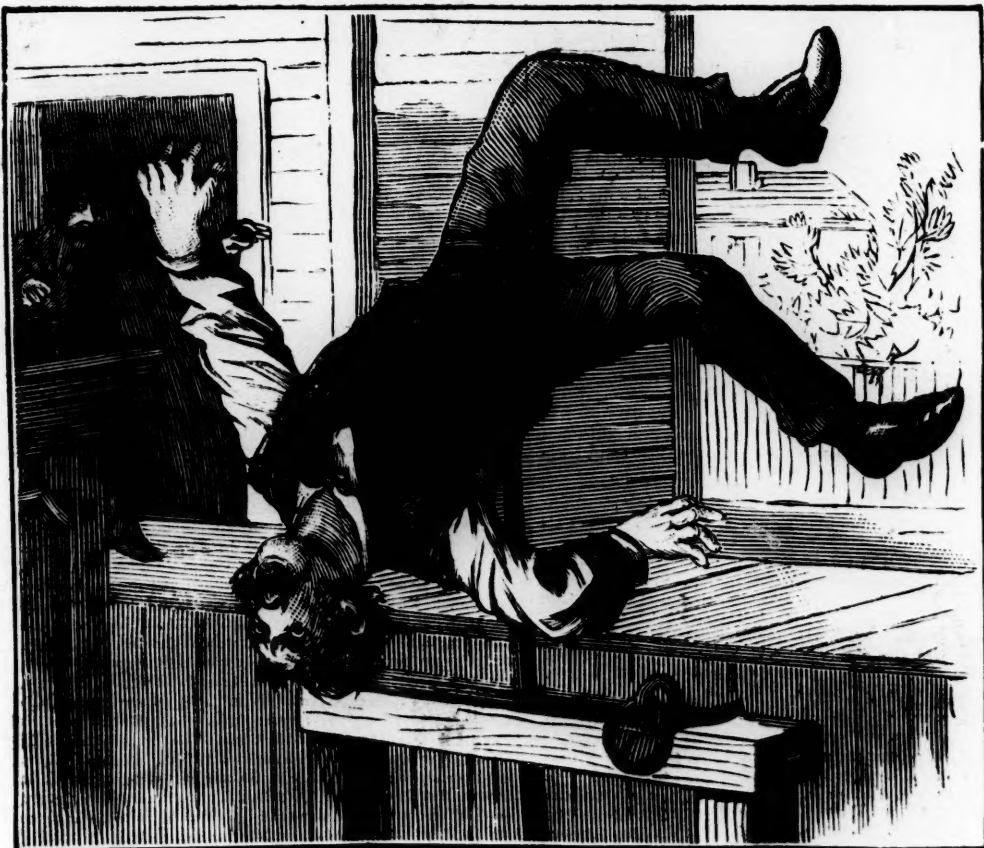
HE FIRED IT IN HER MOUTH.

A CRUEL MONSTER, MCALISTER BY NAME, PERPETRATES A HIDEOUS OUTRAGE ON HIS WIFE IN DAYTON, TENNESSEE.



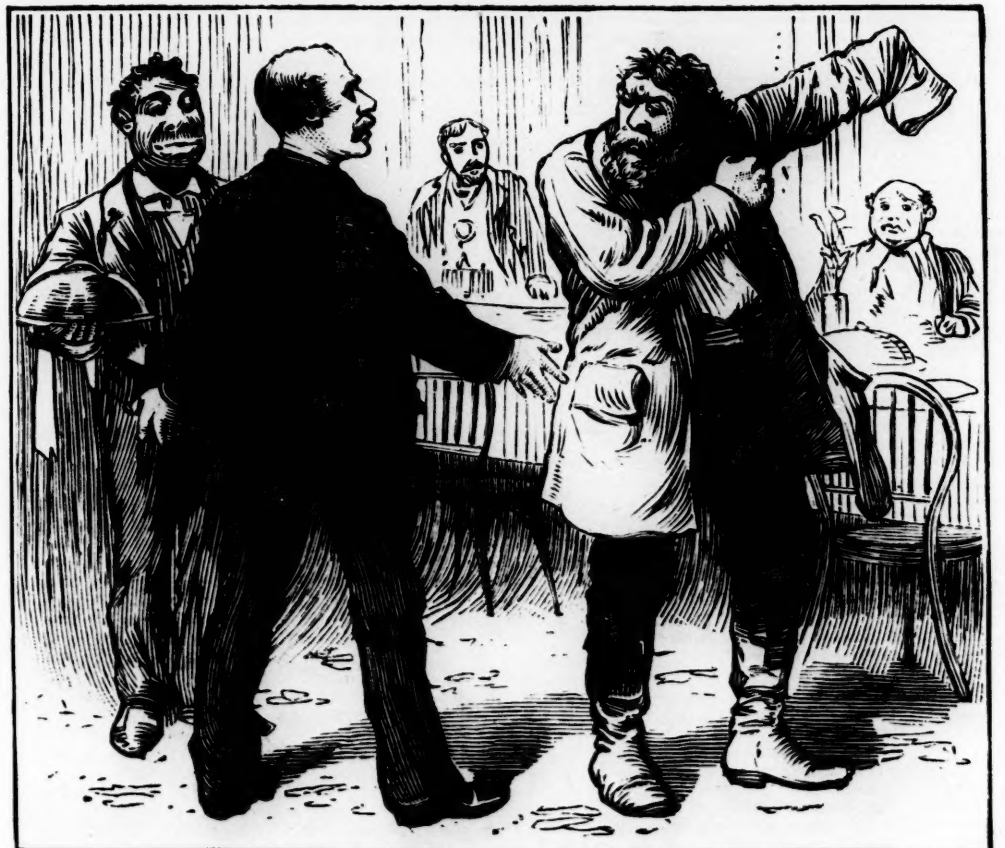
SHE WAS CRAZY.

MRS. CELIA BENSON OF MARYVILLE, NODAWAY COUNTY, MO., TRIES TO KILL HER YOUTHFUL SON.



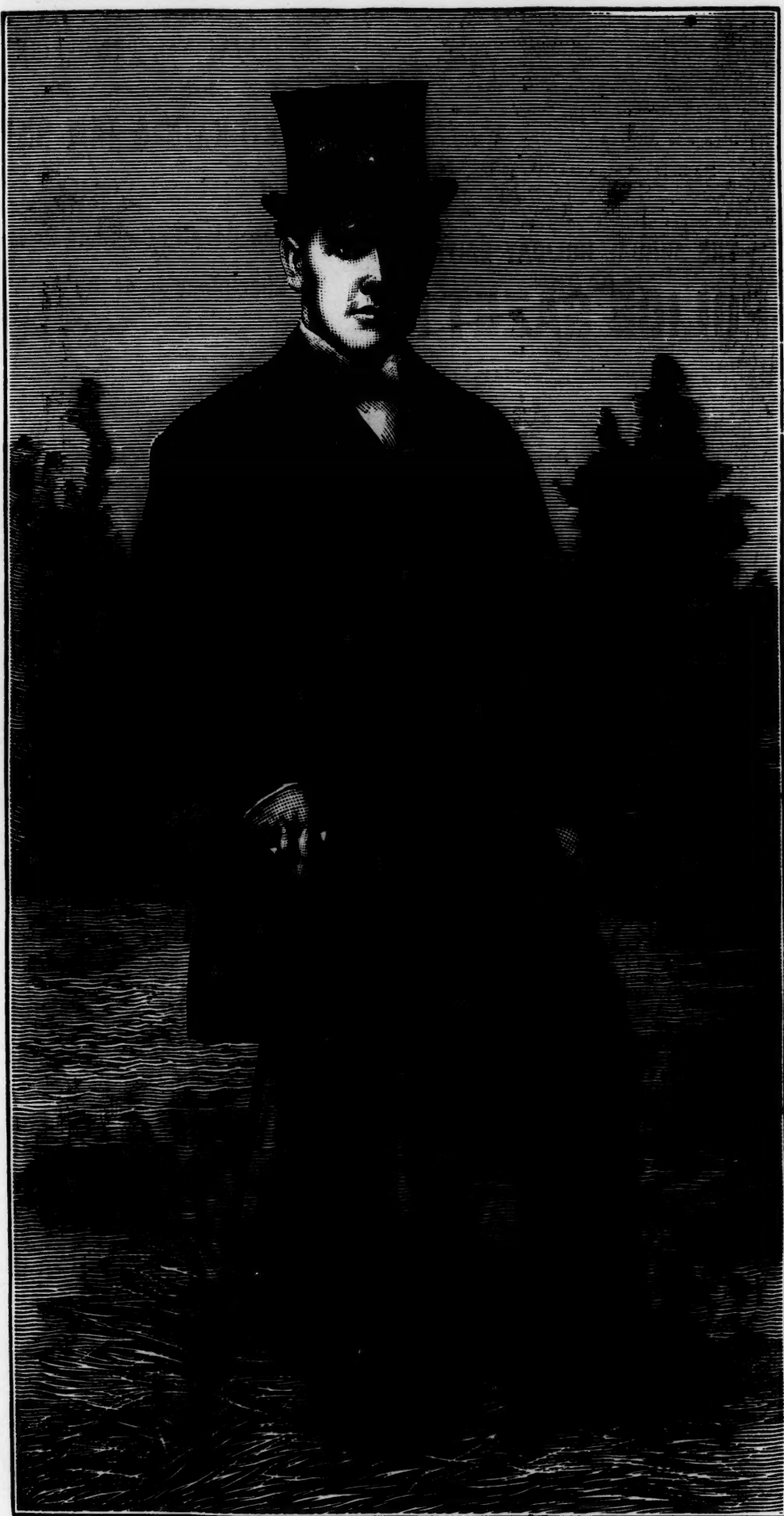
IMPALED ON A TARGET SWITCH.

ERNEST TENDLEMAN MEETS WITH A HIDEOUS AND HORRIBLE ACCIDENT NEAR INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.



HE HAD TO PUT ON HIS COAT.

MILLIONAIRE ED. SCHEFFELIN, PROPRIETOR OF THE TOUGHNUT MINE, IS CALLED TO ORDER BY A HOTEL WAITER AT CARSON, NEVADA.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by DICKINSONS, London, England.]

BILLY INNES,

THE GREAT PROMOTER OF AQUATICS AND BACKER OF NOTED OARSMEN.



GEORGE AYEN,

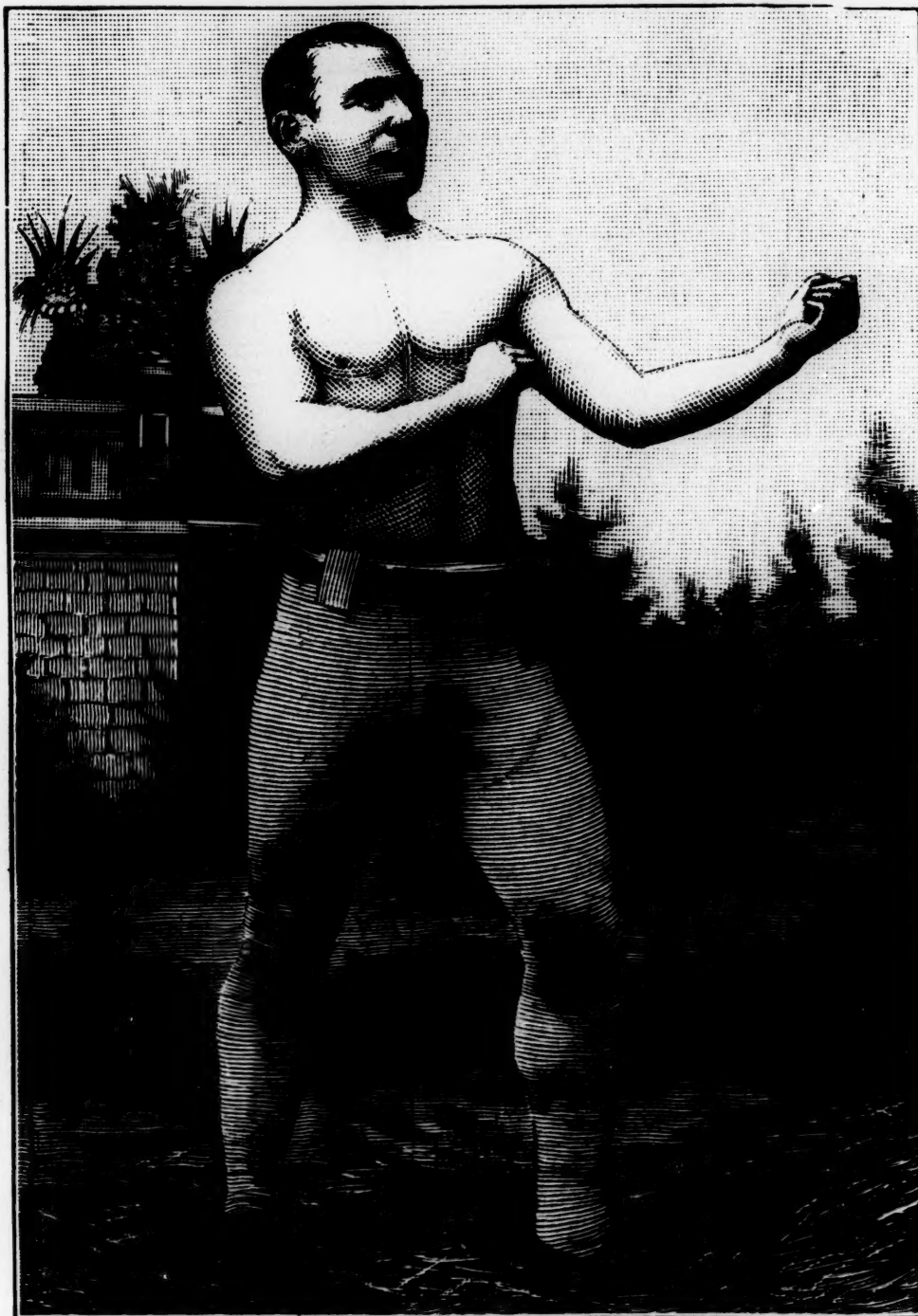
OWNER OF THE CHAMPION SETTERS, RICHARD K. FOX AND FLIRT.



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by JOHN WOOD, 208 Bowery, New York.]

JOHN MCPHERSON,

THE CHAMPION SHOT-PUTTER OF THE WORLD.



GUS BROWN,

LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST AND CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT WRESTLER.

A FRENCH DUEL.

Two "Prominent" Southerners in Jackson County, Ga., Have a Fight and Kill a Bystander.

A special from Gainesville, Ga., Oct. 22, says: A tragedy took place at Hoschton, Jackson county, a station on the Gainesville, Jefferson and Southern railroad, about 8 A. M., in front of Hosch Bros.' store, the parties engaged in the affair being William B. McCants, a merchant of Hoschton, and Joe Blalock, Palmour & Smith's bookkeeper, of Gainesville. Your correspondent, after some inquiries as to the cause of the difficulty, was put in possession of the following facts:

Mr. Blalock owns a farm in Jackson county, about one mile from Hoschton, which he rented to a man by the name of Kilgore for the year 1887, and furnished him rations to enable him to make his crop. Kilgore refused to pay for the advancement, and Blalock sued and obtained a judgment. Some cotton belonging to Kilgore was levied upon, and he filed an illegality to the execution. Being justice court day, Mr. Blalock, with his counsel, ex-Judge J. B. Estes and Mr. W. F. Findlay, went down on the early train to Hoschton, arriving there about 8 o'clock. Judge Estes had took breakfast before leaving home, but Blalock and Findlay left without eating. Blalock taking a lunch with him. On their arrival at Hoschton, Blalock and Findlay repaired to the store of Hosch Bros., where they lunched, during which time Mr. W. B. McCants walked into the store, and passing by Blalock and Findlay, halted a few steps beyond them, and was engaged in looking at something when Mr. Blalock advanced to where he stood and said:

"Bill, I understand that you said that I was no better than a d-d rogue. Did you say it?"

Mr. McCants made some reply to the query, which was not satisfactory, and, turning around, walked toward the front door. When about thirty or forty feet from Blalock, he stopped, faced about and walked up directly in front of Blalock, and said:

"Joe, you are armed, and I am not."

Blalock, pulling out two Smith & Wesson double-acting revolvers, one thirty-eight and one thirty-two calibre, said:

"That shall not be in your way. Here are two pistols. Take your choice, and we will shoot it out."

McCants made no reply, but soon disappeared out of the front door. Blalock put the two revolvers away and returned to his lunch. In about five minutes McCants came to the front door of the store, armed with a double barreled shotgun, and asked Mr. Russ Hosch, one of the proprietors, if Joe Blalock was in the store, and added that he intended to shoot him on the spot. Mr. Hosch hurried to where Blalock and Findlay stood, and told Blalock that McCants was at the front door, armed with a double-barreled gun, and was going to shoot him down.

Blalock at once stepped to the front door, but was detained by Hosch, who took his arm and insisted upon his not going farther, but Blalock urged Mr. Hosch to let him loose, and when Hosch released his arm Blalock stepped to the front door and down to the ground, and holding his hands up, said:

"If you are coward enough to shoot me with a double-barreled shotgun, when you know that I have none, and when you refused to fight me with pistols, go ahead."

McCants was about ten paces from Blalock at this time, and he stepped a few steps to the rear, his gun in the position of ready. About this time Mr. Haynes, a section boss on the railroad, and Jim Beard ran up and took hold of the gun, Haynes being in front of McCants and between him and Blalock. McCants had his left hand on the gun, while Haynes held it with his right, the barrels elevated. McCants drew a revolver and fired at Blalock by reaching around Mr. Haynes, but the ball failed to hit his mark, and again from his safe position he reached around Mr. Haynes and let drive another leaden messenger at Blalock, who stood fully exposed to bullets and with empty hands.

McCants still continued to throw his bullets, and Blalock whipping out his No. 38, began to swap balls with him. After two shots Blalock's revolver failed to act. He threw it down upon the ground, and drew his 32 but before firing some one said that Haynes was killed, and not to shoot again. When Haynes fell to the ground, McCants got down behind him, and here the shooting ceased. Blalock went to Hoschton on business, and did not expect to see McCants, but from threats that Kilgore had made, he thought it likely that he might have a difficulty with him. It is uncertain as to who shot Mr. Haynes, as the shooting was general, and while it is hoped that he will recover, his life hangs by a brittle thread, as the ball passed entirely through his body, having entered below his right shoulder and coming out through his left breast. Mr. Blalock was at his post to-day, and while he regrets very much that Mr. Haynes was shot, he says that he feels justified in protecting himself against Mr. McCants' desperate efforts to kill him. Mr. Blalock is a brother to Billie Blalock, now deceased, who was so well and favorably known in Atlanta. He has a wife and two children, and is one among the best bookkeepers in the State. His friends concur with him in his opinion that he is justifiable in acting as he did, and they will stay with him till the last day in the morning.

SHE WAS THE PICTURE OF HEALTH.

A special from Augusta, Ga., October 22, says: An extremely sad and sensational occurrence was witnessed by the attendants upon the recorder's court this morning. Two Augusta factory girls appeared before the court on the charge of fighting. Among the witnesses was Mrs. Emma Lakey, a respectable woman of the factory district. Judge Dunbar presided, and Lieutenant Hood was the officer of the court. Mrs. Lakey was the first witness called. She advanced to the witness stand, where the oath was administered, when she held up her hands in compliance with the rules, answered "yes," and immediately fell upon the floor dead. A few minutes before she was the picture of health, being a large, rosy-cheeked woman, and just before being called upon was laughing with friends. The body was removed and an inquest held. The jury returned a verdict of heart disease.

A DESPERATE WOMAN GAMBLER.

The most desperate gambler at Aix-les-Bains this autumn is a woman, Greek by birth. She does not take her seat at the table, an account of her sex, but plays over the shoulders of sterner man in 100-franc bills;

and she risks 500 francs with the same imperturbability that she might put down 100 sous. This woman has a face that a painter might take as an unlovely model. The expression is that of a ferret, and the rat-like countenance has its resemblance to a rodent intensified by a nervous twitching of the tightly-compressed, thin lips, and the conical chin. The small eyes stare from under a mass of grizzled gray hair; the skin is red and quill-like of the softening application of anything like *poudre de riz*. She does not devote much attention to her costume, which consists of a black dress, not too well made, a black jet bonnet, and, like the true gambler she is, no gloves. While she plays she keeps shifting and counting the white and blue 100-franc notes. When called upon to give change, she takes gold from a purse; but, as a rule, she despises the metal and deals only in paper.

A NEGRO MURDERED BY HIS EMPLOYER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. P. Coffman, owner of a sawmill three miles from Brunswick, Tenn., quarreled with a negro employee named James Eistman, and the negro struck him. Eistman disappeared the next day and a few days after his body was found in the river near the scene of the difficulty. At the inquest one Thorne, who was employed by Coffman as an engineer, testified as to the trouble between his employer and Eistman, and added that on the night of the quarrel Charles Coffman, Charles Weber and Dick Walters asked him (Thorne) to take part in the lynching of the negro, whom they had confined in Coffman's house. The three men drove the negro in front of them to the river and with shotguns and pistols riddled him with bullets. A sack of stones was then placed about Eistman's neck and the body was thrown into the river. Coffman is in jail and the other two are at large.

KILRAIN AND SMITH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

London seems to enjoy Kilrain as a big treat. He is the lion of the day among the swells and sporting men of England. We give this week again scenes from his life in the English capital and a picture of the swimming match between Jem Smith and Roberts, which was won by the former.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. COX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

Smith, Ansell & Co., Bookellers, &c., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the POLICE GAZETTE in Great Britain. News-dealers, book-sellers and other persons who desire to handle the POLICE GAZETTE and our illustrated books, are requested to communicate with them at once.

RICHARD K. FOX.

I received your circular Monday night. I send in my ad. this morning. Tuesday, so I won't get left, as I know your paper to be the best advertising medium in the U. S.

Yours very truly, H. A. VAN DYCK.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents should be cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agencies can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission is reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after this date.

Richard K. Fox, Publisher Police Gazette, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule. ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham: or, New York by Daylight and After Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.

Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.

Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.

Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.

James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.

Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Crimes.

Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.

Crime Avenged. Sequel to Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.

Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.

Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.

Mabelle Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World.

Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity an Excuse for Murder.

Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiousities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.

Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.

Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of John C. Heenan, with all his battles.

Tug Wilson, champion pugilist of England.

Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Carman.

Betting Man's Guide; or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements.....\$1.00 per line.
Reading notices.....2.00
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue.

The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY EDITION OF THE

POLICE GAZETTE

Will be the regular issue No. 534, published December, 3, 1887.

Advertising columns close Tuesday, November 29, 1887, at 2 P. M. No advance in rates, \$1 per line. An issue of not less than 250,000 may be confidently relied upon, making the cost 2-5 of a cent per line per thousand issued, for the most effective and consequently the cheapest advertising medium in the world.

Don't fail to be represented upon that occasion. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, New York City.

P. O. Box 40.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBES AND COPAIBA Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO. Y. upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY A positive cure for SYPHILIS—any stage—Syphilitic Rheumatism and all syphilitic manifestations.

Send for Treatise. Mailed free to any address containing essay on the disease, testimonials, etc. Every letter confidential. Address THE JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO., Lock Box 47, Kansas City, Mo.

TRADE MARK

Curious 1 TO 3 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfg'd only by the Evans Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Alcott & Lisk, Hudson, N. Y. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00.

BROU'S INJECTION.

Hygienic, Infallible and Preservative.

Cures promptly, without additional treatment, all recent or chronic discharges of the Urinary Organs. J. Ferre (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris. Sold by druggists throughout the United States.

SPORTING MEN and their ANIMALS are especially liable to INJURIES of various kinds. PHENOL SODIQUE will be found to be the best dressing they ever used. One application will convince the most incredulous. For sale by druggists everywhere. If your druggist does not keep PHENOL SODIQUE, don't be put off with a worthless substitute or imitation, but send direct to HANCE BROS. & WHITE, Proprietors, Callowhill and Marshall Streets, Philadelphia, enclosing the price, 50 cts. per bottle.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Docuta Sandalwood, in seven days; avoid imitations; buy Docuta. It is genuine. Full directions. Price, \$1.50; half boxes, 75 c. All druggists.

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

AMUSEMENTS

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Just published, (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 708 Broadway, New York.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, postpaid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

REWARDS.

\$1,000 REWARD! We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which can not be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. Sample free. Address STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Do not buy a banjo or pay for lessons until you read it. Ten cents per copy. Address S. S. STEWART, No. 223 Church St., Philadelphia, Pa. Illustrated Price List sent free.

NUMISMATIC. Confederate money (bills). Self-addressed stamped envelope for particulars. F. TEXIDE, Box 537, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"Scarce Money" (bills and scrip) for collectors, \$5 and \$10 notes; sample 25c.; package and price list, \$1. SUPPLY CO., "Drawer K," Albany, N. Y.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Wines and Liquors of all kinds made at trifling cost; book, 50c. Bartender's Guides, new edition, new drinks, 50c. and \$1. Box \$5, Jersey City, N. J.

SPORTING.

THE GREAT

INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT

BETWEEN

JAKE KILRAIN & JEM SMITH

FOR \$10,000,

The Police Gazette Diamond Belt, and

the Championship of the World,

Is made at last, and will be fought on Jan. 3, 1888, within one hundred miles of Madrid, Spain. There is no doubt that the interest in this will surpass that taken in the Heenan-Sayers fight in 1880.

Arrangements have been made with correspondents in London to send Special Cable Reports of everything transpiring about the fight that will be of interest to the public, and will be published and illustrated weekly in the POLICE GAZETTE.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square, New York.

P. O. Box 40.

PROFESSOR HARRY UNLAIH is giving private boxing lessons at his Academy, 54 UNION SQUARE, Bet. 17th and 18th Sts., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

\$75 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to sell our goods. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars free. We mean what we say. Standard Silver Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED (Sample FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brasieres, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. Scott, 843 Broadway, N. Y.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Lines not under the horses feet. Write BUEYSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

Counterfeit Money, not any. (1) sample for inspection 10c. Address Lock Box 645, Rutland, Vt.

CARDS.

ONE DOLLAR. The POLICE GAZETTE will be regularly mailed to any address in the United States 13 weeks, on receipt of One Dollar. Good, live agents wanted in every town and village to canvass for subscriptions where the paper is not now being sold. Send stamped addressed envelope for samples, terms, etc., to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Sq., New York.

Decay, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

53 TRANSPARENT CARDS, 50c. 2 for 80c. 30 Photos free with above. NOVELTY CO., Box 124, Oswego, N. Y.

SENTS YOU CAN GET THEM. 12 Illustrated Hidden Night Scenes, 10c. (silver or 1-cent stamps). J. J. UNSWORTH, Lewiston, Maine.

PERSONAL.

ARE YOU MARRIED? If you are not, you should join this society, which pays its members \$250 to \$1,000 at marriage. Circulars free. N. W. MUTUAL ENDOWMENT SOCIETY, Box 846, Minneapolis, Minn.

I. E. FRANK STUART, formerly of Laramie City, will communicate at once with D. B. Dole, of the same place, he will hear of something to their mutual advantage.

Ladies and Gents desiring 300 correspondents for amusement or matrimony, send 20c. to Illustrated Social World, box 529, Boston, for 3 mos. subscription.

LOVERS WELCOME GUEST, Chicago.

TOILET ARTICLES.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.

The Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superficial Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Blemishes, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1874. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Factors.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

RUBBER GOODS.

ARTICLES DE CAOUTCHOUC. Protecteurs d'habit pour les dames. Prix, 50 cents; 2, 30 cents.

Porte-allumettes pour les messieurs. Prix, 25 cents; 3, 30 cents.

Protecteurs d'habit, et 3 Porte-allumettes, \$1. IMPORTING COMPANY, Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

The Gem Protector, Pat. Jan. 4, '87. Infringements prosecuted. Sample, 25c. Cir. for stp. Agts. wanted. J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

Ladies' "Peerless" Pat. B. B. Shields, 50c. each; 3 for \$1. CATON MED. CO., Box 527, Boston, Mass.

DRY GOODS.

Important to Ladies. By sending on your address, we will send our illustrated catalogue of French styles of underwear, free. OSTERWEIS BROS., 6th Ave and 1st St., New York.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

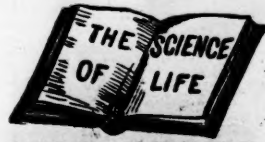
EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

PUBLICATIONS.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

A GREAT MEDICAL WORK FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN.



KNOW THYSELF.



PUBLISHED BY THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. WM. H. PARKER, M.D., Consulting Physician. More than one million copies sold. It treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, Exhausted Vitality, Lost Manhood, Impaired Vigor and Impurities of the Blood, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. Contains 300 pages, substantial embossed binding, full gilt. Warranted the best popular medical treatise published in the English language. Price only \$1 by mail, postpaid, and concealed in a plain wrapper. Illustrative sample free if you send now. Address as above. Mention this paper.

ADVENTURES

Of an Arkansas Doctor. A book of 168 pages, 10 illustrations. Choice reading; by mail, well sealed, 50 cents. 3 Books, all different, \$1. Parties ordering 3 books will have other samples of a similar nature sent for their inspection. T. H. JONES, Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.

MAIL OR EXPRESS.

Book—Contains—Illustrated, and 311 pages; price, \$1.50. Also, Transparent Playing Cards, \$1.50 per pack. I guarantee the above, and will send as samples the Book and Cards for \$2. W. SCOTT, 80 Nassau St., New York.

"FRENCH FUN." "A musical bed," "At a French watering place," "Had no fun in him," "Urged to try again," "How they did there the fun came in," "She called it cream," set of six rare pictures, colored, ten samples of gilt-edge transparent playing cards, set of imported pictures. I will send all the above to you for \$1. 3 sets of all the above, \$2. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80 Nassau St., New York.

A SILENT PROTECTOR.

Price, 50c.; 3 for \$1.75 for \$2. or \$3 per dozen, with samples of other goods. Well sealed by mail. W. SCOTT, 80 Nassau Street, New York.

POLICE GAZETTE INTERNATIONAL EXTRA.

Newsdealers will please send their orders to their wholesale News Company at once.

CONTENTS:

Portraits of Jake Kilrain, Jim Smith and their backers and stakeholder, "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, etc. Also Life and Battles of Kilrain and Smith, with a history of how the challenge was made. Persons not being able to procure it from their newsdealers will send five cents to this office for their news. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Box 40, New York City.

"A Night Scene," "Did It For Love," "On a Night," "The Spanish Virgin," "The Night Piece," "A Nymph's Passion," and three other pieces of poetry, 20 cents. Sent sealed.
"She Got There," "The Wedding Night," "More Than He Could Stand," "Next Day," "Starting in the Wrong Place," "Grip Tight," "Working Up," 50 cents.
THE FIRST NIGHT. A one act play. 24 pages, 50c. All the above goods, \$1. PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1181, Philadelphia, Pa.

"AS IN A LOOKING GLASS." A book of 240 pages. Mailed secure. Price 50c.; Transparent Cards (53) with colored views, 50c.; Our set of 20 Photographs (cabinet) beauties, set 50c.; Ivory (charm) photo view magnified 1,000 times, 20c.; Lover's Combination Package, many funny things, 20c. All of the above goods complete for a \$1 bill. THE IMPORTING COMPANY, Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

Collection of pieces of poetry and prose, entitled: "Adventures of a Newly Married Couple," "A Bachelor's Experience on his Wedding Night," "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door," "The Night Night," "How to do it," and 7 others. Reduced to 25c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

"Parisian Actresses on a Small Space," "The Night Piece," "Did It For Love," "The Bachelor's Bedroom," "A Model Love Letter," "How to Flirt," "How to Kiss," and nine others, 50c.
 J. A. MACKENZIE, P. O. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

HOW SHE FELT IN HER FIRST COSET, etc. A Western Gem. Best thing out. Cloth 50c. Paper 25c. MATT. W. ALDENSON, Butte, Montana.

RARE BOOKS, 48 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE. RARE BOOKS, 48 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE. BOX 2633, NEW YORK.

BOLIVAR HORNET. A funny book, 100 pages. 12 full page illustrations, sent secure for 50c. Stamps taken. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

Night emissions, waste in the urine permanently cured. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

LOVE, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. New Treatise. Richly illustrated. Only 50c. Catalogue free. Lock Box 568, Chicago.

"Jessie's Dream," "Naughty Clara," "Love In Arms," "Early Caught," with photos, by mail, 50c.
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